

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 27, 1956

a Time Inc. weekly publication

35 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

**DORIS AND RUTH
GISSY**

**HORSES AND CARNIVAL
AT AN ILLINOIS FAIR**





ACRILAN

**Coopers sport shirts of 100% Acrilan jersey —
the new luxury fabric that will wash and wear**

Look at these shirts! Fresh from stiff competition on one of the country's toughest courses, yet they look fresh from the store. Feel rich and soft and striped luxury. You can play them hard and they won't wilt or droop or look tired. That's why pros pick them. These shirts go into a machine at the warm-water setting, come out without shrinking. They drip-dry fast, need little if any ironing.

Behind all this is Acrilan, the remarkable acrylic fiber that makes fabrics perfect for men's wear. Coopers tailored these shirts in a wide range of smart styles and strong colors, solids and stripes.

Want to know where to buy them? Look for them at your favorite men's store.

sport shirts by *Coopers*

LOOK FOR THIS MAN MADE ACRYLAMIDAL, SPUNNED OF ACRYLAM





"I see you made the cover of Sports Illustrated!"

So long as your copy of SI is delivered on time, it may not seem important to you how the address is printed, but here is a brand-new development you might find interesting.

The label on your copy of SI is printed . . . ELECTROSTATICALLY, with an ingenious new IBM dry ink printing machine used for the first time by any publication on this issue of *Sports Illustrated*.

What does this mean to you? It means perfectly printed and clearly legible addresses under any conditions. And, since these addresses are actually printed directly from the IBM punched card record, it means more efficient handling of your subscription. Here's another IBM first, another example of how SI and IBM have cooperated to give you better subscription service.

P.S. If in your business you have an addressing problem, contact your nearest IBM representative and get the cost-saving particulars. Ask for free folder, "A New Approach to Addressing." Or write Publication Department AS6, International Business Machines Corporation, 300 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



IBM 815 Electrostatic Address Label Printer produces over 2,000,000 names and addresses a month from IBM cards.

DATA PROCESSING • ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS • TIME EQUIPMENT • MILITARY PRODUCTS

IBM

**DATA
PROCESSING**



FROM ITALY TO YOU...

SPORT JACKETS

tailored of imported

SPORTIVO

fabrics

From the land of fabric inspiration, Italy, where pattern, design and manufacturing quality are centuries old traditions... comes Sportivo, a rich supple fabric that is as new as tomorrow. Tailored with expression by Style-Mart.



for the name of your nearest store, write

STYLE MART CLOTHES Mayfield, Kentucky



Sportivo is available too, in suits and slacks.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Henry S. Lane
PRESIDENT Ray E. Larson

Managing Editor Sidney L. James

Assistant Managing Editors
(Richard W. Johnston
Arnie Laguerre
John Tilly)

Associate Editors
Jerome Snyder (Chief), Percy Kersch (Editor), Robert O'Connor, Andrew Colahan, Gerald Holland, Maria Kane, Paul O'Neil, Fred Smith, Whitely Tower, Herbert Warren Wind, Morton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers
Kara Brown, Alice Higgins, Marvin Hyman, Colin Pinney, Elaine St. Maer, Dorothy Rodi, Jeremiah Toss, Ray Terrell, Reginald Wells, Jo Alberts III.

Photography
Pictures Editor: Gerald Astor.
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Richard Mosk, Hy Sakai, John G. Zimmerman. ASSISTANTS: Betty Dick, Dorothy Moss, Ben Schalk.

Reporters
Homer Fitzpatrick (Chief), Paul Abramson, Harriet Alexander, Betty Bredin, Gwynne S. Brown, Virginia Kraft, Morton Land, Richard Pines, Gilbert Kogan, Kenneth Rogers, Mary Snow, Nick Thimmon, Lester Woodcock.

Special Contributions
Robert Boyer Jr., Herman Wickman, Henry Wood, Victor Korman, Bill Madden, John O'Hally, Charles Fennell, David Schickel, H. Allen Smith, Herman Sutton, William F. Talbot, Jerome Weidman, Ed Zera.

Assistant to the Managing Editor
Henry J. Ramsey

Editorial Assistants
Sherry Koss, Eleanor Milosovic, Morton Skovick.

Administrative Assistant
Marion Harris

Production
Arthur L. Brawley (Chief), Beatrice Guttlieb (Copy Desk), Betty De Monier, Helen Taylor.

Layout
Alfred Rogers (Chief), William Bernstein, Harvey Gert, Marvin Nathan.

U.S. & Foreign Bureaus
NEWSPAPERS: Earl Burton
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Houston, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, ST. LOUIS, Montreal, Toronto (Lawrence L. Lawrence, Chief of Correspondence), London, Paris, Rome, Rome, Madrid, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Shreve City, Guaymas, Cien, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires (Clifford Gifford, Chief of Correspondence).

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.
Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions \$6.00; Europe and Africa, 1 yr. \$7.50. All orders subject to credit. Change orders to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. and all subscription correspondence to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 100 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, Ill. Changes of address require three weeks notice. Please name magazine and furnish address imprint from a recent issue, or send us a recent issue imprint is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address. Including postal zone number. TIME Inc. also publishes: TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURE, FORTUNE & HOME, CHAIRMAN, MERRILL T. Moore, President, Ray E. Larson, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Sullivan, Vice President and Secretary, G. W. Dunnington, Vice President, Bernard Baruch, Allen Greer, Andrew Heitell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linn, Ralph D. Peto, Jr., F. L. Fennell, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.



COVER: DORIS AND RUTH GIBBY
Photograph by Richard Meeke

Cream of a bumper crop of teen-age riders in the show ring, Doris, 14, and Ruth Gibby, 17, pose before entering the competition for rosette ribbons. Doris' 5-year-old chestnut mare *Super Lump* was purchased in Kentucky to replace her outgrown pony. For the story of Da Qasin Fair, one of the winning sisters' happy hunting grounds, turn to page 58.

Advertise in Sports Illustrated on page 18

All rights reserved under
 International and Pan American
 Copyright Conventions.
 Copyright © 1956 by Time Inc.

CAN THE SOVIET GIRLS BE STOPPED?

6

Determined to out-horse baskets of medals from Melbourne, the Russian women may encounter a few surprises on their winning way. **MARY SNOW** rounds up the encouraging Olympic tune-up at Philadelphia's Nationals and elsewhere, while **JUDITH FRIEDBERG** sends us an on-the-spot dispatch from Moscow.

SPECTACLE: BIG NOISE IN DETROIT

14

Gold Cup week in the Motor City, with COLOR photographs of the hydroplanes in action by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN, a preview by JIM ATWATER and a visitor's look at Detroit by HORACE SUTTON

AVERY BRUNDAGE ON THE SPOT

28

The philosopher in chief of the Olympics defends the new amateurism talk to JAMES MURRAY

WHERE ARE AMERICA'S MILERS?

30

A proud tradition of U.S. distance running is dying. DAVID RICHARDSON discusses the reasons why

THE GREAT STRIPED BASS MYSTERY

32

In the first of two parts, GERALD HOLLAND tells of one man's dogged search for this almost legendary fish

FUN AT THE FAMILY FAIR

50

Four COLOR pages by RICHARD MEEKE of the Hambletonian's new home, the Da Qasin State Fair, with text by ALICE HODGINS. Plus an spectators report on horseracing and horse shows at Dublin by CLAUD COCKBURN

THE DEPARTMENTS

● **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES** 23

● **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** 23

● **THE OUTDOOR WEEK** 36

● **SCOREBOARD** 37

● **THE 15TH HOLE** 45

● **PAT ON THE BACK** 48

● **Hotbox:** JIMMY JESSAL asks: Do you think less of Ted Williams since the spitting episode? 4

● **Column of the Week:** RUD SMITH draws many a sporting parallel at the Democratic convention. 19

● **Baseball:** SIEMSEN comes back, explains ROY TERRELL, and the Philo move spread. 48

● **Tip from the Top:** JOE LA MACHIA points out some features of the right-hand grip. 43

● **Boating:** MORT LUND follows the legend Olympic silhouette in a dramatic trial on Buzzards Bay. 44

● **Horse Racing:** WHITNEY TOWNE, at Saratoga, finds horses are not blue-clip investments. 45

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW: FOREST HILLS

William F. Tolbert discusses the leading contenders, and Sarah Palfrey Dunaig presents a word portrait of Shirley Fry

HOW THE FOOTBALL GIANTS TRAIN

In words and his own inimitable sketches, Robert Riger shows how a top pro football team gets into shape for the season



Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



Fred Morrison, Ohio State, Cleveland Browns, line-plugging specialist, wears Jantzen "Kosicky Derby" sweater-shirt... of washable Klorane-fleece, durably waterproofed with Minix®.... 19.95. At leading stores.

Jantzen
SWEATERS

Jantzen Inc., Portland 2, Oregon

IMPORTED
GERMAN
BEER



Imported by
HANS HOLTENBOSCH, INC.
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

MÉMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN LAST WEEK'S issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the possible future of golf took form, in *The Age of Sport*, through the eyes of our golf editor, Herbert Warren Wind. Next week Bernard Darwin looks the other way and recalls its past.

The name of Bernard Darwin has a stature among golfers of all countries comparable to that of his grandfather, the naturalist Charles Darwin, among scientists.



BERNARD DARWIN

Darwin is the author of some two dozen books on the game, was golf correspondent for the *London Times* for nearly 50 years and a player for England in international matches for more than two decades. Those who have had a chance to watch the tremendous rise of golf during this century consider his writings and his personality as responsible as

any single factor for its present imposing place in sport.

Herb Wind's association with Darwin began in 1909 while Wind was at Cambridge studying English literature for a degree and studying golf during the Cambridge-Oxford matches for pleasure. In Darwin he met the man who combines the highest traditions of both subjects.

One of Wind's most vivid memories is an afternoon at the 1950 British Amateur when he stood with Darwin at the main window of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews (a club of which Darwin was captain in 1934-35) as Darwin gave a running commentary on the play. "Naturally I enjoyed it," Wind says, "except for the unimportant fact that I felt very dumb. Here he was analyzing the matches more perceptively from the clubhouse than the rest of us could do with all our eager plowing and scampering over the course. He knew it like his backyard."

Wind saw Bernard Darwin again at the Walker Cup last year. One result of that meeting is next week's story. In it Darwin revives some great golfing scenes in which Americans have played the leading roles. These are the finest moments of players like Travis, Guinnet and Hagen, Jones and Hogan—observed, as in a sense Darwin has observed all of golf, with remarkable perception through a main window.

Harry Pfeiffer

HOTBOX



The Question:

Do you think more or less of Ted Williams since the spitting episode in Boston?

MAJ. GEN. ROGER J. BRUMME



USAF
Commander
First Air Force

Less. Ted Williams is a great star and a war hero. Children and sports fans all over the country look up to him. The greatly publicized affair was certainly beneath the dignity of such a great man. He, in effect, lowered himself to the level of his unsportsmanlike detractors.

MARY ANN COBB



Indiana University
Physical education
instructor

I think more of Ted for not letting the fans run all over him. I've seen them throw cans and rubbish at him. I don't blame him a bit

for showing his contempt in the manner he did. How else could he fight back? Those who have been abusing him deserve what they get.

BILLY MARTIN



N.Y. Yankees
Second baseman

Neither more nor less. Ted Williams is a wonderful man. He is a credit to his country and to baseball. What happened in Boston a couple of weeks ago is between him and the Boston sportswriters. But I notice that the Boston fans took his side and gave him a great ovation the next night.

BOB KRIENGLER



New York
Co-owner, El Club

Certainly not any less. Baseball players are at a disadvantage. They must take all kinds of abuse, and they are not supposed to fight back. It was good to see someone with enough courage to fight back. It paid off. The Boston fans turned out 32,000 strong and gave Ted a great ovation.

MICKY WENTLE



N.Y. Yankees
Center fielder

Ballplayers couldn't like Ted more. I admire him tremendously. He's the greatest slugger in baseball. And he's done more for

his country than most players. The majority of the fans in Boston like him so much that they started a collection to pay his fine. Even the kids sent in their pennies.

EARL SPRACKLING



New York
Executive, Associated
Wire and Cable Co.

Less. There's mighty little left of American dignity. I hate to see it lowered. Sports fans are quick in condoning unsportsmanlike acts. When Brown was playing the Carlini Indians, I tripped Jim Thorpe instead of tackling him. The fans gave me the boogie I deserved.

SVEND JORGENSEN



New York
Owner, Wind Club

I couldn't like Ted any more, but I have more respect for him. He's taken altogether too much from the Boston sportswriters. I think they've purposely needed him to get good copy. Ted gave them enough material. I think the spitting was more for them than for the fans booing him.

PATRICIA ANELLA GULLOTTA



Forest Hills, N.Y.
College student

Why pass judgment without knowing what a man goes through? Who knows what emotion a man in under and what is eating his

heart out? There's no way of telling—yes and I might do the same thing under like conditions. There's a reason for everything. I still like Ted.

MINE HIGGINS



Manager
Boston Red Sox

I couldn't possibly think more of a guy who has been so wonderful all through our association. The spitting was one of those spontaneous pop-offs that can come from any high spirited person who is being needed by sportswriters and booed by fans. Most of us have popped off some time.

NEXT WEEK:

Was there a time in the series when athletic training was of great value to you?

(postponed from this week)

AUGUST 27, 1956

CAN THE SOVIET

by MARY SNOW

Although U.S. women athletes looked better than ever in

SINCE 1948, Russian track and field women have been ripping off one astounding performance after another. They were the talk of the '52 Olympics and today hold world records in three of the nine events on the Olympic program, share the record in two others and are represented among the first four in the remaining events.

Last week the Russian girls once again demonstrated just how they intend to monopolize the Games at Melbourne. Rubbing his hands, Gabriel

Korobkov, chief Russian track coach, said "prospects for Russia's women athletes look bright," but on second thought Korobkov warned of overconfidence: "Americans," he mused, "often say their women athletes are not good, but often they are much better than expected."

The American response to Korobkov was a quick one. Two days after the finish of the Soviet shindig in Moscow (see page 22), nearly 200 American track and field girls "did better than

expected" at Philadelphia's sun-trapped Franklin Field. Competing in the National AAU championships in seven 90° heat, the girls established four new American records in sprinting, jumping and throwing and still saved most of their energy for this Saturday's all-important Olympic try-outs in Washington.

Star of the meet was 24-year-old Mae Faggs of Tennessee State, one of America's all-time greats who has represented the U.S. in every important



AMERICAN OLYMPIC team hopefuls (above) at Women's AAU championships. Left to right: Mildred McDaniels, sprinter;

Gayle Dierks, sprinter; Karen Anderson, javelin; Barbara Jones, dater injured in 100-meter dash and forced out of meet;

sprinter; Mildred McDaniels, high jumper; and Barbara Muschler, hurdler, enjoy hot dogs and soda pop on the grass of Franklin

GIRLS BE STOPPED?

Philadelphia, they do not yet figure to upset the toughest in the world

national and international contest since the 1948 Olympics. Running is seven heats, semifinals and finals. Mae won the 100-meter event in the good time of 11.7; her specialty, the 200-meter, in 24.6; and anchored the 400-meter relay team to a very fast 47.1.

There's a thrill in watching Mae perform, from the moment she walks out onto the track, shoulders back and head erect. She prances up her lane to get the feel of the track, shoots around

continued on next page



Field. At right: Russian quartet of Salvo-rova, Chadina, Ponomareva (with son) and Gulbuschaya show lemon, drink tea.



GIRL OLYMPIANS

continued from page 7



JAVELIN RECORD HOLDER Karen Anderson of Lansdowne, Pa., seems to typify all-American girl. She should be strong contender for Olympic honors this November.

FIRST LADY of U.S. track, Mae Faggs will be trying for her third straight Olympic berth in the 200-meter run. She was a member of winning 1952 400-meter relay team.



a curve in a short burst of speed to warm up muscles and test her spring. Back at the starting line, she is most meticulous about placing her starting blocks in just the right position. As the less experienced runners fidget, Mae quietly treads in one spot, first lifting her knees slowly, then increasing the speed until they are driving like pistons. At the call to the blocks, like the last piece in a jigsaw puzzle, she drops into position, head down, knees deeply bent but her back level and straight. At the crack of the gun she's like a trout rising swift and clean. Halfway through the race her rivals are strung out behind her, and from there on in she just floats to the tape.

Anyone with enough nerve to challenge her plays right into Mae's hands. "I'm not a self-propelled record breaker," says Mae. "I need somebody breathing down my neck." "But," say her competitors, "soon as you push Faggs, she just hydraulically shifts gears and, with no break in stride, stays out in front all the way." Barbara Jones of Chicago, the somewhat erratic but very talented Pan-American champion and member of the 400-meter U.S. 1952 Olympic champions, usually gives Faggs a good push. Although she took a painful header last week, Barbara got up, brushed the dirt off and will defend her place on the team on Saturday.

The only girl consistently to trade top honors with Faggs is Mae's own protégée, young Imbel Daniels, also at Tennessee State on an athletic scholarship. (The one and only Notre Dame of women's track, Tennessee Agricultural and Industrial State University in Nashville has a total of eight girls on scholarships. All train hard under the experienced eye of Coach Ed Temple—no loafing is tolerated when so many hopefuls are beating on the doors.) Daniels took her share of the honors Saturday as she romped away with the 55-meter run, pushed hard on Faggs's heels in the 100-meter and ran on the Tennessee State relay team.

As these two girls rushed for the tape, they left behind many talented but less experienced hopefuls. State-year-old Marcia Cosgrove, of Renton, Wash., fresh from victories on the West Coast, ran out of steam in the 100-meter semifinal but recouped her energies to take a creditable fourth in the 200-meter final. "See you in Washington for the tryouts" was Marcia's way of accepting this defeat.



LONG-LIMBED HIGH JUMPER MILDRED MIDAMEL OF TURNER INSTITUTE LEAVES PLenty OF ROOM TO SPARE AS SHE TOPS THE CROSS BAR

In her teen-age jargon, Marcia spits on and on about why she likes to run: "I tell you, I think it's just fabulous. It's just the most wonderful experience. I get so keyed up before a race that I just stand there at the end of the track and say to myself, 'I can't do it.' I can't even bend over to do calisthenics. It's like that until just before they say go to your blocks. Then I'm all right all of a sudden."

Marcia idolizes her coach, Ken Foreman (men's track coach at Seattle Pacific College), and Marcia has been quite an experience for Foreman. "Marcia is a typical girl," chuckles Ken. "She works hard, but she'll talk your ear off. We'll be jogging around the track, and I'll be getting all the inside on what she dreamed last night or the latest high school fad or Elvis Presley's latest. It's been quite a revelation to me, I'll tell you."

Gayle Dierks is another young girl from the West who came, saw and was

conquered by the experienced Tennessee State women. Gayle didn't make the finals in her events, but she still has a "burning desire to run and win."

Two years ago Frank Potts, coach at Colorado University and one of the deans of American track and field, spotted Gayle at an AAU Junior Olympic meet and was attracted by two things: 1) her free natural running style and 2) her obvious determination to win. Potts called Gayle into his office and questioned her closely about her ambitions as a runner. He found out that she had been running ever since she was in the second grade and that, in spite of the fact that she had never had any coaching or encouragement, she had made up her own training schedule and stuck with it. Potts was impressed and asked Coach Dick Brennerman from her home town of Englewood to help Gayle.

If the Russian coach Korobkov is surprised by what the American

sprinters achieved, he couldn't have been more surprised than the Philadelphia crowd as they watched the unearthing of two very clumsy broad jumpers, also from Tennessee State. Not in years has the U.S. come up with two such leapers, and there's reason to hope that if 21-year-old Margaret Matthews—who jumped 29 feet 4 inches—and 14-year-old Willie White—who kept right on Margaret's heels with 18 feet 10½ inches—repeat their performances at the tryouts, they should both make the team and keep things hopping at Melbourne.

Out in the middle of the field, a good safe distance from the rest of the contestants, blonde Karen Anderson, the best javelinist we've ever had, picked up her weapon. With a long run-up and bound in the air she hurled the javelin 153 feet one inch—a good throw but six feet short of her best, as Karen kept something in reserve for

reworked by sport page

GIRL OLYMPIANS

continued from page 9

the Saturday tryouts. Karen, an attractive blonde with light gray-blue eyes, has a well-balanced head on her shoulders and feels sensibly about the Olympics: "I'm not going to roll over and die if I don't win a medal. Life will go on for me, I've got so many things I want to do."

As the long sultry afternoon dragged on at Franklin Field, Mildred McDaniels, Tuskegee Institute's world class high jumper, chewed on oranges, poured water on her hair and kept poking her head under an umbrella to keep out of the sun. While her pal, Billy Jo Jackson of Texas, had nervous palpitations—"I just never know whether my stomach is going to stay with me over that bar"—Mildred would amble up to the jump and hep over the bar in her modified western barrel-roll style. "Gosh, Mildred," complained her rivals, "at least make it look hard for our sake." At 5 feet 4 inches, with her competitors sprawling their three chances in the pit, Mildred called it quits: "Not going to take a chance of hurting myself. I mean to make that Olympic team next week." Nobody this week was pushing herself to the limit—the Olympic tryouts are it.

It is a pity that so many may be disappointed when they learn about some funny business on the part of the International Olympic Commission this year—setting up of minimum standards for the women's track and field events. The coaches begrudgingly accept the IOC executive decision, noting the inconsistency, since no such standards exist for the men. Our long distance boys, marathoners and walkers go three deep to Melbourne even though they are hopelessly outclassed in international competitions. There are those who believe that this is as it should be—who feel that standards in any events, whether for men or women, are undesirable, for the question is much more fundamental than who is good enough to win and who isn't. Standards smack of the Russian attitude of "Don't compete unless you can win" and violate a basic ideal of the Olympics: that the Olympics are a matter of personal achievement and that the best of each nation should have the honor and opportunity to represent their country. There are others who feel that standards, wherever applicable in the Olympic program, would eliminate those who haven't done the necessary preparatory work.

But to set up arbitrary standards in only one part of the program is unjust.

Apart from the injustice of these minimum standards, the whole women's team for nine Olympic events is limited by the U.S. Olympic Board to 16 girls. As a result, a promising youngster such as 17-year-old Pamela Kurrell, who won all of her events in the girls' division and won the women's discus throw by improving 38 feet on her mark of last year (these last races than the standard), is one of several girls who ought to be brought along in international competition but may not get the chance to go to Melbourne.

20-year-old Rumanian girl, Yolande Balas. Right on her heels at 5 feet 8½ inches but more consistent in performance is Britain's Thelma Hopkins. This shy Irish lass, a pre-dental student at Belfast's Queen's University, is one of the world's most versatile athletes. She has high-jumped 5 feet 8½ inches, broad-jumped 19 feet 10½ inches, covered the 80-meter hurdles in 11.1 seconds and run the 200 meters in 25 seconds flat.

In 1960, Thelma met Franz Stampf, the coach who helped Roger Bannister achieve his first four-minute mile. Since then, wherever Stampf has been



STATUESQUE Thelma Hopkins, Junior Most Valuable Player, leading field athletes. At the Philadelphia games, she placed second in both the vault and discus.

With the American challenge boiling down to a good close battle in the sprints and relay events, an excellent chance in the high jump and a better than fair chance in the javelin, how capable of slowing down the Russian steam roller are the rest of the women in the world?

Fragile-looking as a feather but with quills stuck deep in her hide, Bertha Diaz of Cuba put on a show at Philadelphia as she flexed away from her rivals to set a new American record of 11.1 in the 80-meter hurdles. With her Cuban record of 11 flat, Bertha ranks among the six fastest hurdles in the world. Only German and Russian girls have done slightly better.

The highest high jump mark in the world (5 feet 8½ inches) is held by a

(right now he is coaching in Australia), he has supervised Thelma's training through an exchange of tape recordings. Confident of her chances at Melbourne, Thelma believes, along with Stampf, that "a six-foot jump for women is possible. So long as it is fan trying, I'll try. As soon as it becomes a chore I'll stop." As a 16-year-old, Thelma placed fourth at the last Olympics and since that time has had a great deal of active competition, because Britain's women stand go along with the men to the big international meets in Bordeaux, Prague and Moscow. That kind of experience will be hard to beat at Melbourne.

The element of spotlight international competition is an important one. Our own Karen Anderson is perhaps

capable of throwing the javelin as far as any woman in the world, but whether or not she can do so at Melbourne, 19,000 miles from home, before 100,000 people and up against her first real competition, is a big question. The Russian women are just as good as Karen and at the moment are much more concerned with a competitor they know all about: the Czech star, Dana Zatopek, wife of Emil Zatopek, the great Czech long-distance runner.

Emil—clever fellow—married his commanding officer's daughter, and he and Dana live in a flat in Prague (where Dana maintains a strictly hands-off policy with regard to Emil's "mouse house" room in which he keeps his tools). A determined competitor, Dana never ceases to train, even though she could rest on her laurels as the defending Olympic champion.

The enchanting youngster, Galina Vinogradova, will have only her Russian pals to beat at Melbourne in the broad jump, since the marriage and retirement of co-World Record Holder Yvette Williams of New Zealand.

For years the discus has been an exclusive first-second-and-third-place affair for the Russians. Their grip on the shotput has been almost as firm. Jackie MacDonald of Canada and 220-pound Earlene Brown of Los Angeles have put the shot 45 feet, but that is still seven feet shy of recent Russian efforts. Mrs. Brown, a novice, won the Nationals with her 45-foot toss and should improve.

The Americans who make the team as sprinters will come up against not only the Russian girls but a couple of very swift girls from Australia. Thirty-year-old Shirley Strickland de la Henty, the world record holder of the 100-meter run, claims to be "running better than ever." She is now training at Perth's chill winter nights to train in an unheated gym near her home.

A fellow Australian, freckle-faced, titian-haired Mariene Mathews, has postponed her wedding plans with fireman Bill Willard in an effort to win a gold medal for the host country.

Stiff competition lies ahead for the U.S. girls who survive this week's Olympic tryouts. According to their Olympic Chairman Rosanne Anderson, "we'll do much better at Melbourne than we did at Helsinki—but watch our smoke in 1952!"

Given one-tenth the support the Russians give their women (see following pages) and still adhering to the American way, our girls could match the Russians next time. (END)

CABLE FROM MOSCOW ON NEXT PAGE



VERSATILE North Irish lass Thelma Hopkins is Britain's hope to win high jump. The 20-year-old, first woman ever to clear 5 feet 8½ inches, will also enter broad jump.

WINDSOME Australian Mariene Mathews could be world's fastest woman sprinter if she learns to get off to a better start. She plans to enter the 100- and 200-meter runs.



THEY'RE TOUGH . . . AND PRETTY

MOSCOW

WE KNOW there are other girls in the world who are strong . . . but we shall do well." The speaker was gray-eyed Galina Tarova, Russia's leading woman track and field coach. It seemed there was good reason for the optimism she voiced in Lenin Stadium last week.

After watching 2,000 women competing in the All-Union Spartakiads—the U.S.S.R.'s Tournament of the Nations—I am convinced that, although no world records in Olympic events were smashed during their Moscow games, these girls have the potential. With the stimulus of international rivalry (a most powerful factor here), they can dominate if not sweep six Olympic track and field events out of the nine open to women. They have resolutely eliminated a number of "veners," as demanded by the 20th Communist Party Congress last winter, and Mother Russia is likely to be proud of her daughters at Melbourne.

FRIENDS AND HUSBANDS

There are all kinds of them—young and oldish, bean-pole thin and squat, pretty and ugly, blonde and brunette, provincial and sophisticated—coming from all parts of these vast republics. They have in common a will to win for their country. Besides, these games gave them a chance to make new friends and perhaps to meet future husbands—many of the top Soviet women stars have married fellow athletes.

Usually Russian girls get into athletics in high school. A few come in later, on their first job or through local sports clubs. They are immediately entered in competitions if they show any promise. For the girl who looks really good, there is unflinching some coach to pass her up the line. The best girls study at various institutes of physical culture, particularly in Moscow and Leningrad, where they can concentrate on their sports as well as their studies. In a country where physical culture is a major science and physical well-being a cult, girls receive state subsidies to cover their basic costs of living and tuition, and at school allowances range from 300 rubles monthly for an undergraduate to 1,600 rubles for a post-graduate. Since the need to work her way through school is thus removed,



the poorest student can have plenty of time for training. One young Olympic hopeful, a swimmer, happens to intend to major in philosophy, but even she will find time for regular workouts in her university's pool and will receive the greatest encouragement while doing so. Rewards of a career in Soviet sports are often intangible. They sometimes mainly mean that a talented girl can leave her tiny village for the far-off big city. New vistas are opened up to her because of her prowess. For top stars there is the lure of foreign travel. A girl who can break records will have the chance to see a lot of the world and learn how others live, eat, dress—and maybe think. Thus, a well-coordinated set of muscles can mean the difference between teaching in a city and milking cows on a collective farm.

Indifference to looks but admiration for athletic ability seems to be the keynote of the masculine view on Russian sportswomen. The girls themselves, far from indifferent about their appearance, self-consciously run combs through badly permanented locks before standing up for awards or in front of cameras. Many among them, particularly those who have reached the top and who have traveled abroad, wear lipstick and nail polish, relatively stylish clothes and occasional bits of finery.

During the Moscow games a new generation of women athletes began to emerge. Attractiveness and strength were combined in one heroine of the

games, young Nina Vinogradova, a Leningrad student and recent bride who outpointed Alexandra Chudina, longtime champion in the women's pentathlon, who in defeat forced Vinogradova to a world record. There was an air of the queen is dead, long live the queen as Vinogradova drew the cheers and Chudina derisive whistles when they fought it out. Nina's face crinkles into a squinty smile and her eyes sparkle as she talks about her husband of one year, a light heavyweight boxer still a student of physical culture in Leningrad. She trains three times a week in two-hour sessions. Coach Tarova and Nina agree that hurdles will be her forte at Melbourne, and both regret that the pentathlon for women is not an Olympic event. Another Olympic gold medal winner who went down to defeat was blonde Galina Zybina, shotput champion, defeated by her perennial rival, Tamara Tichkevich. Tamara, weighing in at 235 pounds, heaved the regulation shotput 16.23 meters. Zybina a mere 15.98, well under her own record. At Melbourne these two girls and their third teammate, Doinikova, ought to sweep all honors in this event. Only 25 now, Zybina was billed after Heikinki as the world's strongest woman and, though stocky and muscular, she seems typhlike next to her conqueror.

Perhaps the greatest popular heroine with Moscow track enthusiasts was pretty, dark-haired Galina Popova,

TOO



who, as Galina Vinogradova (no kis to Nina), had set many a record. Returning to competition after a year's illness (she says her doctor husband diagnosed it as heart strain), she has yet to reach top form this year. Small-boned and with finely chiseled features, petite but hard as nails, olive-skinned Gala has the carriage of a champion. She warms up with a short bouncing step and wastes no time or effort on or off the field. This summer she has been concentrating on the broad jump, which she prefers and, according to some coaches, has let her 136-meter sprint slide. Even so, she managed an 11.6 (tying the European record) in a heat and won handily in the final with 11.6. While competing or training, Popova wears a serious, almost grim look, but off the field she is a relaxed, good-looking girl, well made up, with every one of her 110 pounds in exactly the right place, who is fond of dancing and theater. She trains intensively in Leningrad, helped by her husband, who carefully takes her pulse each morning and her blood pressure once a week.

The women who seem to worry Coach Turova most are not the Americans but those being trained in West Germany and Australia. These two groups could be a real threat to her girls. Turova notes that her girls have met most of their strongest competitors and have studied pictures of those whom they have not.

—JUDITH FRIDMANN



ONE HEROINE of Russian Spartakiads was Galina Vinogradova, 22-year-old sprint and broad-jump star, shown above in four relaxed moments during her Olympic training. Though still rusty after a year's illness, she should reach her top form by November.

HYDRO HASSLE IN DETROIT

Seattle invades Detroit to fight for supremacy in
the world's fastest boats over a washboard course

Normally, the Detroit River is an unpretentious stretch of water with a no-nonsense approach to its job of hauling Great Lakes freight and keeping apart Canada and the U.S. But for the next 11 days the Detroit River will be the most glamorous stream in the world, a fickle Cinderella with a flock of millionaires quite literally sitting up nights thinking of ways to woo her.

She will become the battleground of the unlimited hydroplanes—the sleek, bellowing heavy weights of powerboat racing—as they scramble to settle the annual question of which is the fastest and toughest in the world. This weekend one unlimited each from the U.S. and Canada will battle for the Harnsworth Trophy, symbol of international supremacy for the power men. And the following weekend a score of unlimiteds will struggle for the Gold Cup, an ornate bauble with a peculiarly haunting charm that has changed landlubber businessmen into wild-eyed enthusiasts willing to lay out \$35,000 for a boat and crew to take up the chase.

While all this is going on, the Detroit River will not just lie there and be run over. She will control the outcome of both the Harnsworth and Gold Cup as much as horsepower. The surface looks normal enough. But to the hydroplane driver the river is a contrary, wind-swept stream as rough as a mountain trail. Basically, an unlimited is a hybrid of an airplane and a skipping stone, and any schoolboy knows you run into treacherous skipping stones on rough water. The owner with the prop pitch and hull angle that best appeal to the river will have a tremendous advantage.

For three years Canadian J. Gordon Thompson and his son Jim have done their best to tickle the river's fancy with one idea in mind: beating the U.S. on August 25 and 27 for the Harnsworth Trophy, an 85-pound piece of

brass donated in 1933 by Sir Alfred Harnsworth, later known as Newspaper Publisher Lord Northcliffe. The Harnsworth, U.S. property since 1920, was last defended in 1959 by Seattle's Stan Sayres and his *Sco-Mo-Shoo IV*.

"The Harnsworth is the world's most distinguished powerboat race," the elder Thompson says, explaining why he has jumped into the maddening whirl of the unlimited. "Canada didn't have a boat to race. We felt she should."

The Thompsons have poured thousands into their *Miss Superst II*, a rugged 7,000-pound unlimited powered by a massive Rolls-Royce Griffon engine rated at 2,000 hp. "She feels like she's got 5,000 horses," says Test Driver Danny Foster. "They must have bigger horses in England than we do." Last weekend, her horses raring to go, *Miss Superst II* tore a narrow, foot-long gash in her hull during a trial spin on the St. Clair River. But

Hydro Builder Les Staudacher (St. Clair 25) soon had her patched and ready to battle for the Harnsworth.

To defend the Harnsworth against *Miss Superst II*, the Yachtmen's Association of America this week will pick a single American unlimited. The leading contender is the flashy red, white and blue *Shooby I*, so far the hottest boat of the season. Designed by Ted Jones and owned by Bill Waggoner, a displaced Texan campaigning out of Seattle, *Shooby I* is driven by Air Force Colonel Russ Schleeh, a tall, lean pilot who has artfully switched from jets to unlimiteds. Because of their boating inexperience, Schleeh and a number of other Seattle drivers were once jestingly referred to as "plumbers" by a columnist. Schleeh took the appellation to heart. When he buzzed *Shooby I* over the bathtub-smooth waters of Lake Washington

continued on page 58



TOP DRIVER RUSS SCHLEE

BELLOWING AT FULL THROTTLE, "GALE V" SKIMS OVER SURFACE





JIM THOMPSON'S "MISS SUPERTEST II" (FOREGROUND) BOOMS ALONG AT PICTON, ONTARIO WITH



GEORGE SIMON'S "MISS U.S." AND JOE SCHOENITH'S "GALE IV" (BEAR) IN GOLD CUP WARMUP



JUTTING EXHAUST PIPES DRAMATIZE POWER OF JACK SCHAFER'S "SUCH CRUST III"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

GET IN THERE AND BUNT. STEVENSON: • TED WILLIAMS
AND THE MORAL CLIMATE • AUGUST EQUIPMENT: GREASE,
HANDGUILFS AND UKULELES • JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT?

ON YOUR MARK

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE not to note, this week, that the politics of both major parties have cooed over into our (wonderful) world again and have borrowed almost everything in the way of effects, atmosphere and method they could find lying loose to facilitate the nomination of the presidential candidates. It is a point, it should be added, in which we take a certain pardonable pride. For all their solemn purposes—or, more accurately, because of their solemn purposes—American political conventions have always been great American sporting events too, and it is pleasant to be able to report that those of 1956 make no exception to the old pattern.

The Democrats referred to their Chicago ticket this time as "our team," an unabashed adoption of Republican nomenclature which the G.O.P., of course, got secondhand from us to begin with. As their hero dualed with New York's Governor Averell Harriman, Stevenson supporters (obviously former UCLAs and students all) set up a stunt card section in the Chicago gallery and spelled out such messages as ALL THE WAY WITH ADLAI with verve and precision. The political processions in Chicago were accompanied—and are being accompanied in San Francisco this week—by an endless and familiar uproar on the floor, in hotel lobbies and on the streets; by snake dancing, sign waving, by hoarse and awful oratory, by band music and by boos and applause which all might have stemmed straight from Ebbets Field or a campus bonfire before the big game.

In drawing these analogies between big-time politics and big-time sport—in drawing them, at any rate, in

terms of satisfaction and approval—it is only fair to note that a good many critics, both foreign and domestic, take a very dim view of the whole noisy convention process simply because such similarities exist. It is easy to lament the American political convention, just as it is easy to lament American sport (the sharp practices of baseball, say, as opposed to cricket, or U.S. football as opposed to soccer) and easy to look with dismay at the fact that candidates for the most important governmental position in the world must be chosen amidst an atmosphere reminiscent of the Kentucky Derby.

While lamenting, however, it is also easy to overlook the fact that the stresser and strains and philosophies common to both institutions—and even the splendid and time-biased

vulgarity which flavors both a convention and a World Series—reflect qualities deeply ingrained in the American soul: vitality, exuberance, the instinct for reconciling teamwork with fierce individual competitiveness, a frontier-born reluctance to honor an unproved man. A Frenchman might have difficulty in understanding how Adlai Stevenson and Harry Truman could join hands with honor after their break in Chicago; the incident would be less puzzling to a man who understood the unwritten code of the brush-back pitch.

The man who competes in the arena surrenders himself to a kind of basic democracy, and it seems only right and proper that an American politician be called upon to perform there, that U.S. candidates do not "stand"

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Olympic Democracy

Look for Argentina to elect new National Olympic Committee before October to become eligible to send a team to Melbourne in November. The International Olympic Committee withdrew recognition of the present Argentine committee on grounds it was politically selected by Perón's successors.

• Rotten Advice

Poenda exploded editorially against Russian picture magazine *Ogoniok* which encouraged Soviet youth to sport concern for such rewards as "wealth, fame and applause from the ladies." Screamed Poenda: "Such rotten advice [attacks] of vulgarity and cynicism . . . is affronting . . . bourgeois . . . alien."

• Looking Up

Dick Savitt, who quit tennis for oil after 1951 Wimbledon and Australian titles, has entered the 1956 National Eagles. Capable of extending or bending the best in the U.S. in his rare tennisy bids, Savitt has consistently dashed Davis Cup play on plea of business pressure. If he returns to Cup competition, America's chances against Australia will look up.

• Out to Pasture?

Nashua suffered second attack of colic in 10 days, washing him out of Saratoga. Hazing this week and, indeed, raising possibility he might never race again. Though attack was mild and Nashua is out of danger, his future now rests with Trainer Sanny Jim Fitzsimmons by whose decision owners will abide.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 25

for office but must "run" for it and that their harkens fall prey to the national passion for victory and cheer them on their way.

Our props are yours for the duration, gentlemen—banners, drum majorettes, securing reports and liniment. May the better contestant emerge triumphant, as the elegant Harry Belafonte used to say in the old squared circle.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER CUSTOMS

THERE ARE certain things you just don't do. You don't burnish the American flag, particularly in times of war, national crisis or an election year. If you live in the Tonga Islands, there is a taboo against touching the tribal chief or his clothing. If you are a movie actor nowadays, you are careful not to form any political affiliations left of, say, Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota. If you have won your major Y at Yale, you don't wear it in public unless you turn the sweater inside out so only the stitching will outline the Y, thus demonstrating beaming modesty over your distinction as an athlete. If you are a baseball player, you don't whistle in the clubhouse, nor do you spit at the press and the public. At least, you shouldn't if you are Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox.

Yet there are baseball players who might get away with it. Billy Martin of the Yankees, for instance, because Billy is no symbol of rectitude; he is a Peck's Bad Boy of baseball, who is supposed to be mean and truculent on the playing field and a scrapper who would spike his grandmother for a winning run. It is hard to think of any roughneck shenanigans that a fellow like Billy would not be forgiven simply because of the sort of public personality he wears. Conversely, the upright, God-fearing ballplayers such as Gerry Coleman, Billy's Yankee teammate, or Robin Roberts, the great pitcher for the Phillies, might well be drummed out of baseball for the very behavior that is expected of Martin. The professional wrestling industry figured all this out years ago and developed clearest heroes and villains to satisfy the craving for symbols of good and evil. The villains are expected to perform every conceivable outrage while the heroes must suffer and win according to the code of clean sportsmanship.

The recent antics of Ted Williams serve to illustrate how time, circumstance and character affect public tol-

erance. A couple of generations ago, Christy Mathewson, who pitched the early Giants to several pennants, philosophized on the difference between honesty and dishonesty in baseball. "To steal signs fairly," he wrote, "requires quickness of mind, eye and action. Few players can do it. Perhaps that is why it is considered fair." The difference between fair and unfair, good or bad is not always so neatly arrived at. In Matty's day, for instance, the bean ball was a respectable part of any pitcher's repertoire—a device to detect whether a batter was yellow. If the batter was knocked silly by one, it was just his fault. Today the bean ball is not only a moral offense, it is illegal. In short, there is more respect for the unscrupulous brain—but why?

If Ted Williams had been a Leo Durocher, a Ty Cobb or even (to choose an area of more genteel combat) a Bill Tilden, he might have spat with impunity. But Ted is, in addition to being a baseball star of the first magnitude, a Marine officer with a hero's record in combat. To many, however, he is also a misunderstood hero, maltreated by the press and a hostile enclave of pitiless Boston fans. So the opinion on his recent gesture of hydrotheatrics is as divided as Caesar's Gaul (see page 5). At another time or in another activity or perhaps as another type of person, would he have been forgiven and applauded for his outburst? Unquestionably. But it is too late to change the circumstances.

AUGUST IMPULSES

A FEW HARBINGERS of the yearly epidemic of late summer madness have been noticeable in the public prints lately. You can expect the symptoms of the disease to multiply as the sun burns down the sky into autumn.

Late in July one Wesley R. Struble peddled 12½ miles across Lake Erie on his back, wearing trunks, flip-flops, a dark coat of grove and handcuffs.



After divesting himself of grove, flip-flops and handcuffs, he chained a few times to relax and announced he would try to swim the English Channel both ways—presumably sans handcuffs.

This week, 50-odd marathon swimmers will take to the waters of Lake Ontario, aim at the coast of Toronto and \$27,000. Most will be plain vanilla-

type marathon swimmers, but a couple of unidentified young ladies among them are music lovers, too.

One is stowing a scale in her guide boat and expects to slow down occasionally, flip over on her back and strum a few bars of *Sweet Lullaby*. Another, whose choice of musical instruments does not lend itself so readily to watery concerts, will be egged on by the tooting of a bagpipe virtuoso in her guide boat. This may be the first time in history that *Over the Waves* has been played on a bagpipe.

Phenomena like these are not new. They are peculiar to the intense, brooding heat of July and August, and they are as old as written history and probably older. Noel Coward was prompted to observe that only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun, and Shakespeare, doubtless confronted with the 18th century equivalent of a ukulele-playing marathon swimmer, wrote: "This is very missummer madness!"

Anyway, it started a long time ago and will probably go on as long as the sun shines hot in August.

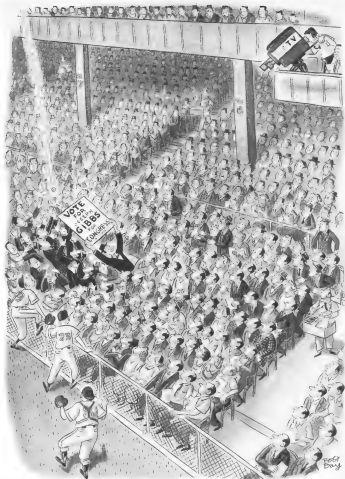
For instance, the venerable and once-popular sport of catching baseballs dropped off monuments used to reach a seasonal peak during the dog days and at one time it wasn't safe to walk within 10 feet of the base of a tall structure in late summer.

Catchers circled warily under the Washington Monument and the Bunker Hill Monument, and a chap named Earl A. Barter snared three times in a row from the top of the latter on Sept. 17, 1910. Unfortunately for Earl, his feat was a bit anticlimactic for buffs of the sport. The definitive catch had been made five years before when an Englishman, posing as a Japanese juggler and probably overpersuaded to the noonday sun, caught a turp thrown from the same monument. He did it the hard way, impaling the vegetable on a fork held between his teeth.

Across the turn of the century, a young lady named Johanna Haslinger was an expert at walking on her hands. She set out from Vienna to Paris upside down, walked ten hours a day for 95 days, covered the 871 miles, won some sort of a championship, hands down.

In the summer of 1913, a Frenchman named M. Pauliquen disappeared in a tank of water in Paris and like to never come up. He stayed under for six minutes, 29.4/5 seconds, establishing a record for that sort of thing and dang near drowned in the process.

continued on page 22



Continued from page 20

The world record for the 100-yard dash with your feet in a sack was set on a hot summer day in Brooklyn in 1929. John A. Finn negotiated the distance under difficulty in 14.2 seconds.

All in all, though, the baking hot sun conjures up visions of watery heats most often in its victims.

Take John V. Sigmund of St. Louis. A few years ago he waded into the Mississippi River one steamy July afternoon and swam away around the bend, bearing due south. He kept right on for 89 hours and 42 minutes and was just shy of docking in Memphis, Tenn. when friends fished him out. He swam 282 miles but, of course, he wasn't handcuffed. But he didn't take time out for ukulele or baggage numbers, either.

FAT ON THE FIRE

CRIMINAL PROHIBITION is having "been" disseminated to most sophisticated observers for as long as anyone cares to remember. It goes far back. It has survived in this country largely because boxing is regulated on a state-by-state basis. The apathy of the states, in instances after instances of sporting ribbony, has been spectacular.

Only recently, though, the federal government has been taking an interest in boxing (aside from its continuing interest in Joe Louis and his nervous, self-perpetuating income tax deficit). Federal investigators last International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) and as a result the IBC now awaits a federal court decision as to whether or not it operates in violation of the antitrust statutes (32, April 23).

From this, inevitably, the federal eye turned toward rather more cordial aspects of boxing. It is a sport in which, once you begin to appreciate what a sweet and scientific punch a left hook really is, you are driven to inquiring about the odds, and who makes them and why they so often turn out so advantageous to those who know more than already should. The federal government is just like any ordinary perceptive person in this respect.

In Chicago last week the Tribune blundered across the first page of its sports section: "U.S. PROHIBITS BOXING-MOOREN TIES." The Trib reported what sportswriters of other publications had known but kept discreet silence on—that federal investigators were gathering information on hoodlums in boxing, not in Chicago

alone but in Detroit, San Francisco and Los Angeles, among other places. A special federal grand jury, the Tribune said, could be impeached in Chicago to consider such matters as the doping of fighters, income tax evasion and gangster participation in the profits. Not just the Department of Justice but the narcotics division and income tax agents were working on the problem. Max H. Goldschtein, a special assistant to the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice, had been "disputed" with U.S. Attorney Robert Tietken, the Trib reported.

The next news was confirmation among the federal investigators, who had asked sportswriters to keep their work hushed, a run to cover by the hoodlums, as anticipated, and a flash of complaint from sources. Indirect statements by some who are vitally interested in federal investigations of boxing. Among them:

Arthur M. Wets, Norris' partner in IBC: "Those charges reflect on the fighters, the judges, referees and the commission doctors. Furthermore, I don't think there's any major gambling on fights in Illinois. . . . The proposed [sic] investigation is so fantastic that I'm wondering if it isn't a publicity stunt of some kind." And then, in the quote of the decade: "If we felt there was anything wrong we wouldn't stand still for five minutes."

Truman K. Gibson Jr., IBC secretary: "This is utterly fantastic. We will welcome an investigation. . . . We'd like to know who gives the shots of dope and where, and what lawyers are involved. The most controversial fight we've had in Chicago recently was the Johnny Saxton-Carmen Basilio one. Yet all the Chicago writers agreed

with the judges and referee and all the Eastern writers thought Basilio won. . . . It's unfortunate these investigations aren't more public."

This one has been made public, has been immeasurably hyperseditioned.

AFTER MELBOURNE?

LIONID KHOMENKOV, chief of the Soviet Sports Committee, took a look beyond Melbourne last week and invited the U.S. to send a track team to Moscow in 1957 for a dual meet, with the hope of a return invitation for Soviet athletes to come here in '58. U.S. amateur officials welcomed the idea—right up to the big hitch: all non-official visitors to the United States must be fingerprinted. And every time this has been mentioned to prospective Soviet tourists, they have answered with a decisive "no."

The Russian objections to fingerprinting have delayed or canceled several visits to this country, caused quite a commotion in Washington and even led to President Eisenhower's calling for repeal of the fingerprinting provision.

An escape-clause precedent, however, has been established. A scattering of Russian farmers and bullfathers have been admitted to the U.S. (hands unfastened by fingerprint ink) on the ground that, like the unmistakably governmental members of their delegations, they were all official visitors.

Last September, Russia's two greatest musical performers, Violinist David Oistrakh and Pianist Emil Gilels, were invited to play in this country. Once again the fingerprinting provision was brought up, and the Russians responded with their classic "noyet."

And there it stood until the experts led back on two escape-clauses. Suddenly, Oistrakh and Gilels became official government representatives.

Early this year, the fingerprinting problem arose again, this time in the case of Yakov Koshlukov, Russia's Olympic coach. He had been invited to attend a meeting of Olympic coaches on the West Coast, but he refused to be fingerprinted. Koshlukov stayed in Russia; coaches, however, in the meantime, were not in the government.

There the matter rests. The Russians have invited us to send a track team there next year, and then they'll visit us the next. But there can be no fingerprinting, or the whole thing is off.

Track fans apparently can only hope that in some way broad jumping or tossing the javelin can become as much a function of government as playing the violin.



TEE-TOTAL LOSS

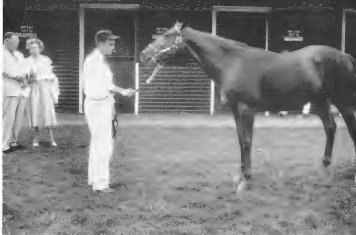
The Senator's arthritis.
Won't hit his golf at all.
But it is with arthritis.
He can't swing the ball.
—JESSE L. SMITH

THE BROOKS LOOK SOLEMN

It was a week to bring deep, solemn thought to the champs of 1955. The Brooklyn club, larded with old pros, hadn't been in first since April, and the march down the stretch was rocky. They lost a series to the Giants, won one from the Phillies and broke even for the week. But old pros know just even isn't enough

PHOTOGRAPH BY KY FISHER

MANAGER ALTON (right), farked by old pros. Pee Wee Reese, Carl Erskine, Duke Snider (rear), taken grave view of Ebbets Field as his team trails the lowly Giants.



MACPHAIL, TIMELESS HORSE HUCKSTER, EARLY SOLD TO MRS. ELIZABETH ADOLPH GRAMM, WHO BOUGHT HIM LATER THAT EVENING FOR \$2,000

THE REDHEAD STORMS SARATOGA



It is even money which is more familiar to the country's sporting scene—the name of fiery, red-headed Leland Stanford (Larry) MacPhail or the annual Saratoga yearling sales. Last week the two combined to produce one of the most successful final night sales in the spa's history. MacPhail's 41 colts and fillies brought the Happy Horse Huckster \$666,700

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS KROPP

AUCTIONEER SWINEBROOK (black coat) opens MacPhail Night with first yearling, a colt which was bought by Governor Stutz for \$42,800.



LESLIE COMBS, actor, is intimate that even Nashua, owners with Mrs. Graham before making a move in Kentucky. Left.



MRS. ANSON BIGELOW, studying list of yearlings, was the biggest buyer, paying \$25,000 for four colts, 154 for Malvern.



MRS. RICHARD LUNN, whose first night \$7,000 purchase of one of Hyperion set world, took ship with Donald Norman.



THE FRED HOOPERS, whose first yearling purchase in 1925 Delta, owner Hoop Jr., got Hyperion fully for \$31,000.



PAUL EBELHARDT, agent for Ralph Lane, says sale ship after bidding in Hall opened out for \$10,000, one price of sale.



MRS. CHARLES S. PAYSON, with Greenacre Road Trainer John Gaver, after winning bid for Hip 200 (below, opposite).



MACPHAIL'S EARLY FORM (LEFT) TURNS TO A COIN AS SIBS MOUNT, OVER HIS DREAMER (CENTER) IS HASTY HOOPER MRS. ALICE REEDER



THE LATEST IN



SPORTSMAN ICE BROOKS AND FRIEND FISH AND BERT AUGUST HEAT IN BERMUDA, USING INNER TUBES WITH SPECIALLY RIGGED ROPE SEATS



TUBE FISHING PARTY dig late fried pompano catch. From left: Mrs. Thomas B. Watson Jr., wife of IBM board chairman; Mrs. Lloyd M. Powell; Erano W. P. Tracy, Bermuda keeper; Powell, president of Dictaphone Corp.; Mrs. Carroll Rogers H.; Watson; Mrs. Brooks.



VAN WYCK MASON, owner of U.S. and North wires, hooks pompano from tube as storm gathers on horizon.

NEW IDEAS

Fishermen devise a new use for an old seashore standby—they call it tube fishing. And the kids who abandoned tubes for Dad's golf clubs preview in the USGA National Junior tournament



ROBERT KIROVAC of Sharon, Mass., polt-to-ut-ut-ing form. At 11 he was youngest in tournament at Wilbraham, Mass.



JAMES HARRIS of Stillwater, Okla., strides up to first tee on way to his first round in 1-up victory over Gerald Zar.



DON ESSIG of Indianapolis, in p'uld shorts, waltzes easily for first match. He beat Frank Garvin, Englewood, Calif., 3 and 4.

"LOST LIKE GENTLEMEN AND NOT SMILING," ADVISED THE USGA'S COLONEL LEE REED, OF LOUISVILLE, KY., BEFORE THE TOURNAMENT BEGINS



OLYMPIANS PUT AVERY

IT IS OBVIOUS, that fans, officials and participants in U.S. amateur sport have ever been at odds, in name, to quite the sort of baffled indignation which was set off this month by the publication of the new Olympic amateur oath. Under its terms an Olympic Games competitor must promise to "remain" an amateur, apparently for life. Last week, as officials in Melbourne began sending pledge forms to athletes around the world, Sports ILLUSTRATED's James Murray, acting as a sort of surrogate for U.S. Olympic athletes, sought out Avery Brundage of Chicago, president and president-elect of the International Olympic Committee, who gallantly took the stand, as follows:



Let me tell the whole story. It begins with a question, "What is an amateur?"



Amateurism is a thing of the spirit. . . . It is a matter for the boy's conscience.

Q Mr. Brundage, you are master of the sport and the master of the Olympic oath. Are the critics correct in blaming you for it?

A Let me tell you the whole story. It begins with the question, "What is an amateur?" Now, the Olympic Games have had the amateur rule since 1886. I didn't write that rule in the first place. But over the years there have been amendments and amendments. A half dozen years ago we had women then set up to go over all the rules from beginning to end with a view to making clarifications—nothing very substantial but enough to keep the Games in accord with the fundamental principles. Suggestions were had from all member nations, and finally, after the Winter Games at Cortina, the rules were handed to the printer, and here they are.

Q Yes, but did you actually lobby for or enter this particular revision?

A These deliberations were conducted in French and English, with suggestions from Japan, Russia, and kinds of places. I don't know whether I was or was not the instigator. I certainly supported it, and a letter was written by me as a spokesman for Olympic committees to make the matter of the rule that I was their ally, to convince all Olympic nations that I intended to turn professional.

Q How do you hope to accomplish with this oath?

A We hope to save the Olympic Games. Do you know the ancient Olympic Games collapsed because of the same thing that are happening here today?

Q How does this oath save the Games?

A Do you realize it would be impossible to hold the Olympic Games without the enormous contribution of time and money by committee members all over the world? Now, if the Olympic Games become—as many of our universities and institutions of higher learning have merely training camps for professional promoters, how are we going to persuade them not to continue to give their time and money—and money! The U.S. is one of the few countries where the expense is borne by the general public. But if someone comes to you in your town and wants a \$1,000 contribution to the Olympic fund, what are you going to do when you know that the Olympic Games have just become breeding grounds, creating international champions so professional promoters can make fortunes as them?

Q I see. In other words, you'll tell him to get it from the ice-cream parlor or the pro football team, won't you?

A Precisely. And that is a phase of it that should be understood.

Q It would seem, then, that you're looking for a way to make money out of the Olympic Games, wouldn't you?

A What interpretation of money are you using? The Olympic Games are for amateurs. Every national tolerates even a pinch of sport all over the world. Even amateur rule. It is generally agreed that to minimize a man decides he is going to become a professional he is a professional. Is it that correct?

Q Not entirely.

A Look, the amateur is one who participates and always has for the pure pleasure of the sport. Once a person decides he is going to become a professional he is not participating purely for pleasure. It seems to me that it is Q.E.D. that he is no longer an amateur. His main objective is to be a successful professional.

Q Mr. Brundage, do you consider professional sport dishonorable?

A (smiling) Of course not! That's nonsense. Professional sport is just as honorable a pursuit as banking or the law, and most of it is pretty well paid for now.

Q Good. Now, let us suppose for argument that Mickey Haskie is a spirit champion in school. Let's suppose he is able to run the 100 yards in 10.1 and has made the Olympic team. He is the fastest runner in the country, and now suppose he is drafted in the country team. Now let's suppose Mickey Haskie has taken a course of his professional life and decided for one reason or another he could not become a boxer or a lawyer or even a plumber. But he can become a professional baseball player. He is a natural runner, and now suppose he is drafted in the country team. Now let's suppose Mickey Haskie has taken a course of his professional life and decided for one reason or another he could not become a boxer or a lawyer or even a plumber. But he can become a professional baseball player. He is a natural runner, and now suppose he is drafted in the country team. Now let's suppose Mickey Haskie has taken a course of his professional life and decided for one reason or another he could not become a boxer or a lawyer or even a plumber. But he can become a professional baseball player. He is a natural runner, and now suppose he is drafted in the country team.

A (thoughtfully) I can read you the rule which says a professional in one sport is a professional in all sports. That's been in the rule book for years.

BRUNDAGE ON THE SPOT



The question you have raised is very pertinent . . . and it has not been answered.



Just because other people have warped standards is no reason why we should.



And it will shock some people. . . . I think college football players should be paid.

Q But do the other countries which have no comparable situation realize that professional baseball is a career and a highly rewarding one and that in the hypothetical case we have raised you are depriving the athlete of some fundamental rights? If you agree that baseball is a career equated with law or banking, why not forbid a boy from entering law or banking?

A The answer is we don't forbid him from entering anything. We simply do not want him in the Olympic Games if he is a professional. But the question you have raised is very pertinent. That question has not been brought up before and it has not been answered. You have no idea of the ramifications of this when you have 28 different questions relating to the same rule and 20 different countries viewing it differently. Why, do you know we have been asked to rule on whether a man who drives a racing car professionally is eligible. What would you say to that?

Q He's a pro, by your definition.

A Yes, but it is argued that he is effectively a mechanic testing an engine. What then? Actually, though, the thing we are most concerned with is an athlete capitalizing on his Olympic fame.

Q What about the boy who will cynically sign the oath knowing full well he is going to turn pro? Doesn't the boy with a sense of honor get penalized unfairly because he will refuse to sign the oath?

A Fortunately or unfortunately, amateurism is a thing of the spirit. You can make a rule book 10 times as thick as the one we now have and not solve the

problem. The answer is down inside the individual. It is a matter for the boy's honesty or conscience. And when institutions of higher learning have to reassure themselves for not adhering to their own codes of athletics you cannot blame the boys for being bewildered. It is a question of just how much the moral standards of the whole country are affected by these abuses. But a stand has to be made somewhere, and we realize that to carry on an idealistic program in a realistic world is a tough undertaking. When that pledge is signed, the signer either intends to become a professional or he does not. All we say is that if he does then he does not belong in the Olympic Games.

Q But still, if he can run faster or jump higher than anyone else, why shouldn't he be in the Olympics?

A Because he doesn't belong there! Let him join the circus.

Q Why do you think the International Olympic Committee has the right to dictate to a young athlete what he should do with his future life?

A We have no such right. We only have the right to run the Olympic Games, and what is our business is what happens to the Olympic Games. Just because other people have warped standards is no reason why we should.

Q Did you contribute the almost 100% negative reaction on the part of athletes, coaches, Olympic officials and fans?

A The question applies only to the U.S. It has not been denounced universally.

After all, we are only one of 80 countries. And even here in the U.S.—why, just because your opponent makes the most noise doesn't mean everybody disagrees along with him.

Q Do you still believe the reaction is fair or how you draw some around thinking?

A I can see and will admit that in the existing climate of amateur sports there have been many people who have been shocked to find there still remain a few amateur standards. I will say that the protest of the American Olympic Committee is legitimate in that, while ignorance of the law is normally no excuse, they really went into the preparation of the American Olympic team without taking this oath into consideration and they now have a team which it may be difficult to replace if it is broken up. But my last year's letter went out to them, so they should have known.

Q Did you as a young man ever know in face this problem, which is essentially a financial problem for the athletes involved?

A That is the old question of this multi-millionaire Brundage who sits on top of his moneybags and never had knowledge of privations in his youth. The facts are, I went to college on borrowed money, and what money I have made I earned myself—as an amateur.

Q Well, actually, your main point is that you or your committee is unwilling to sacrifice a bit of backbreaking work, take a lot of time and energy and even bring whole programs into the picture in order to provide an international showcase for boys

continued on page 53

WHERE ARE AMERICA'S MILERS?

A stirring tradition of U.S. distance running is dying on the vine. What are the reasons, and what should be done to bring it back?

by DAVID RICHARDSON



BRITAIN'S DEREK IBBOTSON IS LATEST UNDER-FOUR-MINUTE MAN

THE MORE extraordinary thing about the more than a four-minute mile in recent weeks has been the almost casual manner in which its latest conquerors have achieved it. Derek Ibbotson, the 22-year-old Yorkshireman, shown above, made it three weeks ago as the consequence of a promise to a girl friend; a three-miler by trade, he returned the mile at the Avenue de Wiest meet at London's White City Stadium in exchange for an extra ticket to the postmen's banquet that a girl friend of his girl friend's wanted to attend. And three-year-old Ibbotson, with no more thought in the world about the race than that, suddenly found on the final lap that he could crack the major barrier—and did. That same weekend, in distant Budapest, Istvan Rozsnyaiyi broke the world record for 1,500 meters, the Olympic "metric mile," with an amazing 3:49.4, a scintilla .62 seconds faster than the previous world's record—which he had shared with fellow Hungarian László Talosai and Gunnar Nielsen, the redheaded Dane—and the equivalent of a 3:37 mile.

The second most extraordinary thing about these performances is that American milers are nowhere in them—nowhere near them, in fact. In all the growing family of four-minute milers portrayed on these pages there is not a single U.S. runner, not one that Wes Santee has forcibly retired, a single man who has come even close. And for a nation with a track and field record as proud as that of the U.S., this is a

most singular fact indeed. It is as certain as anything in sports at the moment that the United States will not win a single foot race of more than 500 meters in the Melbourne Olympics.

In every other respect the U.S. track and field team that goes to Australia in November may well be the strongest in history. It is several deep in crack sprinters, hurdlers, jumpers, pole vaulters, shotputters, discus and javelin throwers and middle-distance runners—an impressive number of them already holding world records. And yet the disconcerting fact remains that in five of the 11 running events for men, the longer ones, Americans are entirely outclassed by foreign competitors.

Neither in the Olympic metric mile nor in any of the longer classes—1,000 and 10,000 meters, steeplechase and marathon—do the best of U.S. runners stand anything but the most widely improbable chance of picking up a gold medal among them. Indeed, they may consider themselves lucky even to place or show in these events next autumn.

Such, at any rate, is the dismal outlook in the longer races as pre-Olympic training gets under way in earnest next month. Conversely, things could change for the better in one or two events between now and November. But distance men rarely achieve greatness overnight; they normally require years of hard work and topflight competition to show any marked improvement. And it would take a heap of doing for any American Olympic runner

to find within himself, in the few weeks remaining, the power to meet the amazing new standards set almost in recent years, at just about every distance from 1,500 meters to the marathon, by an assortment of international runners: Russians, Britons, Hungarians, Finns, Australians and Poles.

THE BLUE RIBBON PICTURE

Nowhere is this American weakness so longer events, more against, or more galling, to track and field buffs than in the mile, the blue ribbon fixture on every meet program. The U.S. mile tradition is a proud one, made so by a succession of such stars as Holliman, Cunningham, Freese, Zamiatini, Sam Ransom, MacMillen and DeWitt. When Wes Santee bowed to the fore with repeated assaults on the four-minute barrier, his eventual triumph seemed only a matter of time, of meeting up with top foreign competition on a fast track. But that was not to be.

Santee's dilemma, for expense account irregularities was a bitter blow that wrought immediate change in the American mile picture. This past season, with Santee sidelined and Fishback out, Fred Dwyer, on sick report most of the time, the painful realization dawning on meet officials and fans alike that no home-grown success was immediately available.

All that kept the winter indoor season from being completely lull was the clockwork race-the-weekly presence

of Ireland's Ron Delany, a fleet Dubliner camouflaged in Villanova colors. Delany proved so superior to the local talent that he could dally through most of any race and still win in handily with a last-lap kick. Once Delany did extend himself to 4:06.5 in taking the Hunter Mile, coming within 2.7 seconds of an indoor mile record (3:59.4) that is already obsolete by world outdoor standards. But he could also ambly to victory in the hallowed Buster Mile in a lackadaisical 4:14, as hand-lins loosed and tossed paper cups onto the Madison Square Garden track where faster miles were run a quarter century ago. And in June, in Compton, Calif., Delany showed what he really could do when he was pushed to the limit by Nielsen, beating him by one tenth of a second in 3:58.

In the outdoor season, the truth about American milers was driven home even more forcibly. Jim Bailey, an Australian running under Oregon colors, beat the legendary John Landy in 3:58.6 at Los Angeles. There wasn't an American runner in sight when that race was decided. The truth is that even the best of the U.S. milers have fallen several strides behind the best foreign competition. Even if Wes Santee had been reinstated in time for the

Olympics, no fewer than eight foreign milers still in active competition have cracked the four-minute mile that has so long eluded Wes's best efforts.

In the heat of Olympic competition these speedy rivals are likely to be faster still. When Landy came out of a year's retirement this winter to reel off the 3:58.6 mile that put him right back on top, his comment on his second-best effort was one that few experts would care to gainsay. "My time can easily be equaled by European runners," he said. "To win in the Olympics, I must be able to run a mile in 3:55 or 3:56."

WHERE IS THE GREAT TRADITION?

What has become of the great mile-tradition in the United States? Where are the successors to Cunningham, Barnhart, Penick and their like? One answer is suggested by the old but relevant remark, attributed to a British wit who was asked whether he did not think the national humor magazine *Punch* had slipped. "*Punch* is not what it used to be," he conceded, "but then it never was." While America has been turning out top milers for several decades, it is now nearly half a century since any American has managed to win the Olympic mile race.

Indeed, since the 1908 Olympics only one American has captured any Olympic event of longer than 800 meters (although a couple of others have come agonizingly close) and he was no miler. Significantly, when Horace Ashenfelter finally turned the trick in the Olympic steeplechase at Helsinki in 1952, by beating Russia's Vladimir Kazantsev in a stirring stretch duel after ratcheting him at the last barrier, it was heralded as a major upset. A Finnish sports-writer, sharing in the general astonishment, went so far as to compare Ashenfelter's feat to that of an Kokkon winning the 100-meter dash in a fur parka.

While somewhat less than flattering, the comparison contained more than a particle of point. It put the finger on an American weakness in distance events that can only be described as chronic.

Even apart from Olympic showings, the record books bear testimony to this long-standing deficiency. They show that while U.S. athletes have consistently captured most of the world records in the majority of track and field events, the number of Americans who have managed to set world marks at races of a mile or longer during the last half century can practically be counted

continued on page 48

THE MAGIC MILERS REPRESENT FIVE NATIONS—BUT NOT AMERICA



ENGLAND'S BANNISTER is one of the great distance runners. 4:01.2 world, 3:58.4 in '48.



AUSTRALIA'S LANDY set the world record in '50.



HUNGARY'S TABORNÉ is one of the great distance runners.



BRITAIN'S CHATAWAY is versatile one—100, 200-meter.



BRITAIN'S NEWSON is a double threat in half mile, mile.



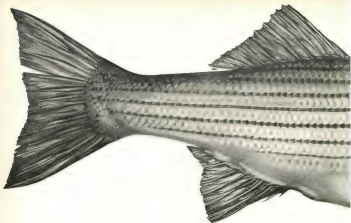
AUSTRALIA'S BAILEY beat Landy in 1956 Olympic upset.



IRELAND'S DELANY won second group in June with 3:56.



DENMARK'S NIELSEN won on Delany's heels in 3:59.2.



FIRST OF TWO PARTS

THE STRIPED BASS:

The investigator examined its nursery, searched its feeding grounds, cross-examined

*"He who knows not and knows that he knows
not is stupid. Teach him."*

OLD ARABIC SAYING

THERE ARE OTHER FISH IN THE SEA. But to a certain passionately dedicated breed of fisherman, there is only one: a perplexing placatorial personality known most widely as the striped bass.

Once he has hooked a striper or had one strike at his lure, a man is never the same again. He may lose interest in all other fish. He may lose interest in many things. He may work at a desk, in a shop, he may head a large business. After exposure to the striper, he may continue to go through the motions of attending to such affairs, but his secret thoughts will be of the striper and of how he may meet him once more. He may go out in the bass boats or pound the beaches month after month and year after year and never see a striper. But he will continue to pursue this

fish, for the hex is truly upon him. Alone among fishermen, he is able to live interminably on faith and faith alone—faith that somewhere and somehow he will keep his rendezvous with the biggest and most beautiful striper of them all.

This strange love affair between man and fish has long been a source of bewilderment to other kinds of fishermen who believe that the primary purpose of fishing is to catch fish. This, in the view of the striped bass addict, represents the most shallow kind of thinking. As one of the striper men has said, "Did not George Bernard Shaw conduct his romance with Mrs. Patrick Campbell entirely by mail?"

That, of course, is no answer at all. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was no fish and George Bernard Shaw was a vegetarian. It seemed that there must be a better answer somewhere and to find it, a thoroughgoing, wholly objective investigation was undertaken and its findings will be herein reported.

ILLUSTRATION BY RO DOLF FRIEDMAN



A DETECTIVE STORY

anglers and scientists. Where, he asked, is the striper?

by GERALD HOLLAND

First, a personal word from the investigator. It seemed to him that he was ideally qualified. He had lived for a time on Martha's Vineyard, an island lying off the southeast coast of Massachusetts, and was acquainted with quite a few striper fishermen. If one is acquainted with anyone on Martha's Vineyard, one is probably acquainted with a striper fisherman. But, an important point here, although the investigator had been surf casting and boat fishing in the loosest sense of those terms, he had never caught a striper, had never seen one caught, and never seen one alive in the water. He was free of prejudice. He could be impersonal and impartial, a mere seeker of knowledge. He hoped, by questioning those who knew the striper best, to emerge from this inquiry with a dispassionate, clear-cut picture of the fish that would explain its enormous reputation.

It was decided to limit the area of investigation to that section of the Atlantic coast covered by the striper him-

self in his two great annual migrations. Thus, the investigator took up the trail where the trail began. He made a pilgrimage to Annapolis, Md. and stood on the dock there in the company of Edgar H. Hollis, biologist for the state of Maryland, now actively engaged in striped bass research. Dr. Hollis, a youngish, bespectacled, serene-looking man, pointed out over Chesapeake Bay and said:

"There is the great nursery. A great majority of the middle Atlantic stripers come from here. The bass are spawned in the rivers tributary to the bay and move into its brackish waters almost immediately. At an early age some of them develop the urge to migrate. It becomes a lifelong habit. Those who have this urge are already gone from here and now are spread out along the coast, probably from New Jersey all the way to Massachusetts."

Reverentially, the investigator looked out over the

continued on next page

STRIPED BASS

continued from page 41

chappy waters of the bay and thought of the millions of stripers there.

"Would they be getting there now at Martha's Vineyard?" he asked.

"They might," said Dr. Hellis.

The investigator thanked him, shook hands, picked up his attaché case and started away.

"They might," Dr. Hellis called softly after him. "And again they might not."

The next day, in a booth at Pete Vinson's Coffee Shop in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard, three of the best surf casters on the island sat drinking coffee and discussing the striper. They were Tony Gaspar, the house painter, Percy West, the charter boatman, and Ralph Grant, the trucking contractor.

Gaspar had taken a 33-pound striper from the surf at Squibnocket Beach only two nights before. In his wallet Percy West carried a membership card in the Fifty-Pound Club, an honorary society of those who have taken the big ones. Ralph Grant had taken more 40-pound-plus stripers than he could remember.

As Ralph Grant scribbled on a paper place mat, the three of them discussed the characteristics of the fish. They agreed that he was a night fish, more apt to be taken then than in the daylight hours. They said he was a courageous fish who would go in among the sharks to compete for food. They said he was a fish that sometimes exhibited a great sense of curiosity. He would, they said, follow a plug or a jig through the water just to see what it was, and sometimes he would take a playful whack at it with his tail. Ralph Grant recalled the time a 20-pounder did just that to his lure and hooked himself. Grant landed him anyway—by the tail.

They agreed that they had scant respect for boat fishermen, none at all for bottom fishermen who used live bait and stuck their rods in the sand to await a strike. "I saw," said Percy West, "a guy like that sitting on a camp stool reading a magazine. What kind of fishing is that?"

They laughed as they recalled the lies that striper fishermen tell each other when they find a hot spot. One night, said Percy West, he had a strike just as a jeep drove up to him on the beach. He let the fish run with his line as the intruder called to him, "Any luck?" The fish still running out to sea, Percy yelled back, "Nothing doing

here." The jeep drove on and then Percy reeled in his fish.

They said, their eyes glowing, that the big thrill was the strike, when a striper hits hard and the line sings out on the reel. They told of men they knew who were stricken dumb by the excitement, of women who fainted dead away.

Suddenly Tony Gaspar slapped the table and said to the investigator:

"Be in front of the post office at 6 o'clock. I'll take you where there's stripers!"

Promptly at 6 o'clock Tony Gaspar drew up in front of the post office in his four-wheel-drive jeep, an essential piece of equipment for the surf caster

THE SCIENTIST



BIOLOGIST Edgar H. Hellis said of Chesapeake Bay, "There is the great mystery."

who wants to reach the out-of-the-way beaches on Martha's Vineyard. The investigator climbed in.

Tony drove out the blacktop Tisbury Road and turned off on a gravel road and continued along until he came to a gate with a sign on it: "Positively no trespassing."

The gate was open and Tony drove right on through. "I've got permission," he said, "to cut through this property any time I want."

The jeep bounced along the private road until it vanished into sand. In the distance there was the sea and the faint sound of the breakers. Tony shifted gears and the jeep slipped and rolled through the sand like a boat in a gentle swell.

"Whenever I get a big striper," he said suddenly, "somebody says, 'Oh, he's just lucky?'"

"There's a lot more to it than luck. Why, lots of times I'll go to a spot and never get out of the jeep. I'll just sit there sining up the situation, looking to see if there are any slicks on the water. If the birds are feeding, the way the surf is breaking, so on and so forth. If I'm not satisfied with conditions, I'll move on to another spot. It's the same thing with Ralph and Percy and Buddy Oliver and most of the other island surf casters."

By this time the jeep had rolled into a wonderful unspoiled stretch of beach. Tony Gaspar pointed to a nest of speckled gull's eggs and a little farther on to a nesting gull which, without twitching a feather, calmly watched the wheels of the jeep pass her by.

This was the point along the southern shore of the island that is known as the West Tisbury Opening. It is so called because there is a great fresh-water pond adjoining the beach and sometimes the ocean breaks through and the bait fish flee into the fresh water and the larger fish follow them. When the opening is open (it was not this evening), the chances for bass are infinitely better.

As the jeep skidded to a stop, Tony Gaspar looked out at the pounding surf. As the investigator looked around for more gull's nests, Tony suddenly cried out:

"There's one!"

The investigator whistled,

"Where?"

"Right out there! They're here!"

"Who?" cried the investigator.

"The stripers! One just broke out there. Come on, let's get rigged up. We're liable to get fish here tonight."

"I wish I had seen that baby," said the investigator, "I've never seen one alive in the water."

"You're liable to see one tonight," said Tony, already busy with his gear.

"I saw that one break once as I'm standing here and he was some big!"

It was a lovely place to be. There was a wonderful island sunset and later on the surf sparkled in the moonlight.

There was exhilaration in the casting alone, not unlike the satisfaction that comes from hitting a golf ball straight and far. The air was clean and bracing. The city was far away. The sand felt good underfoot. The thought of the fish that might be out there just beyond the breakers receded a little. It seemed abundantly clear now that if the striper did not choose to make his appearance this night, well, there always would be other nights. Everything at the moment was in its right and proper place.

"Well," said Tony Gaspar finally, with no trace of disappointment in his voice, "there'll be nothing doing here tonight. Let's head on back to town."

"Do you think," said the investigator, "there might be some stripers over at Cuttyhunk?"

"Maybe," said Tony. "And then again, maybe not. Why don't you go over there and see for yourself?"

"I believe I will, Tony," the investigator said.

A little before noon next day, the investigator walked down the main street of Vineyard Haven, another island town, and turned in at Bangs Market. Mr. Bangs himself, a strong, ruddy-complexioned man of 40 or so,

Bangs. What I'm doing is conducting an investigation of the striped bass."

Betraying no emotion, Mr. Bangs wrapped up the sausage and looked for the next item on his order list.

"What I wanted to ask you, Mr. Bangs, sir," the investigator went on, "do you still have the grocery store over on Cuttyhunk Island?"

Mr. Bangs looked up. "I've had that Cuttyhunk store for 20 years," he said, "and another man had it for 50 years before me."

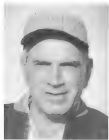
"Well, if I'm not mistaken," said the investigator, "you head on over there in your boat every week or so."

"I have to take over supplies, yes," said Mr. Bangs.

Laufie Haskell, the schoolteacher, had only two pupils. A visitor, looking up the steep slope from the dock, gets the impression that he's a world away from everything, but actually the old whaling port of New Bedford lies only 13 miles to the west.

Although Cuttyhunk is an important crossroads of the great migrations, many stripers, and some of the biggest ones, go no farther than Sew and Pigs Reef, a graveyard of ancient ships which extends for several miles to sea off Cuttyhunk's southwest end. Stripers love its partially submerged boulders for the ash that abounds among them and for the protection they afford the striper himself. It was here, off

THE VINEYARD ANGLERS



TONY GASPAR, the fisherman, promised, "I'll take you where there are stripers."



RALPH GRANT, the tracking contractor, talked of hauling stripers by their tails.



PERCY WEST, the charter boatman, spoke of bottom fishing and asked a question.

was behind the counter slicing some summer sausage for an order.

"Mr. Bangs," said the investigator, "I don't suppose you remember me, but I spent some time here on the island a few years back and I used to come in here occasionally. I was always partial to your S.S. Pierce line of canned goods and that special olive oil you handle."

Mr. Bangs put the sausage on the scale, peered over his glasses and then cut another couple of slices.

"Your face looks familiar," he said, "but if you're looking for that special olive oil, you're out of luck. A man from Edgartown came in the other day and cleaned me out of my last six cans and I don't know just when I'll be able to get any more of it."

"Oh," said the investigator, "I'm not here looking for olive oil, Mr.

"Could I go with you on your next trip?"

Mr. Bangs ran his thumb up and down behind his galluses and thought about it.

"What I want to do," said the investigator, "is talk to Coot Hall, the charter boatman, over at Cuttyhunk. I'm told he knows as much about stripers as anybody in this part of the country."

"You're not far wrong there," said Mr. Bangs. "All right. Go have your lunch and meet me down at the wharf at one o'clock. It just so happens I was planning to go to Cuttyhunk this afternoon."

Cuttyhunk is a sparse little island with scarcely a tree worthy of the name. Its population at the height of its summer season is no more than 200, and in the wintertime the head count drops to about 20. Last winter Miss

Cuttyhunk, that the world record bass, that incredible 73-pounder, was taken from a skiff back in 1915 by Charles B. Church. Only last summer, a 68-pounder was taken from a boat in the adjacent waters.

At the end of a two-hour voyage from the Vineyard, the investigator hurried over to the fish wharf where the bass boats were tied up. He inquired his way past Dee and Bob Tilton and Lloyd Bonworth, all well-known Cuttyhunk fishing guides, until he came upon a slight, tight-lipped man, looking about 60 and wearing a swordfisherman's long-peaked cap. He was touching up the paint on a bass boat named the *Sea Coot*. This was Irvin Winslow Hall, known to thousands of fishermen as Coot. The investigator stated his mission.

continued on page 60

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEWEAVER

As millions of waterfowl gather in Canada before heading south, a special report from their prairie nesting grounds by Reginald Wells predicts a great hunting season to come

THE BIG BUILDUP

THE whole country is on the move. From Winnipeg in the east across the vast prairie wheatlands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the skies are darkening with the sight of ducks. Their nesting over, mallard and pintail, baldpate and scaup, gadwall and teal and canvasback, too, are coming in off the shallow potholes where they have nested and are gathering in great concentrations on the permanent water of larger lakes. In every roadside ditch, marsh and slough there are ducks. In the air, arrowing as yet an aimless course, they flock from all directions to settle for a while with thousands more of their kind in one large dark mass of feeding, fattening fowl.

An abundance of water and food in the prairies for the past two years has produced duck crops bigger and richer than ever before. It was estimated in 1935 that there were only 10 million ducks traversing the flyways. By 1949 the figure soared to 200 million only to fluctuate up and down until it hit a new uncountable peak in 1952. Last year was hailed by all conservation agencies as "the best year ever." This year the official word is, "as good as last year." Nobody officially counts ducks any more—it's impossible. But to be in the prairies at this time is to believe that every duck and goose in creation is flying before your eyes.

This is only the start of the gradual buildup which will reach its climax around September 20 and culminate in the mass migrations of the ducks south—to waiting guns and, if lucky, a warm wintering home.

Right now the ducks are in every stage of development. Most juveniles

are on the wing and adults are coming out of their two-week flightless molt. As usual the first to feel the migratory call are the pintail. Some have already gone. Teal are getting ready. The most ducks are in Saskatchewan, which has slightly more than Alberta, which has twice as many as Manitoba. Hottest spot on the duck map is the Coteau potholes in Saskatchewan. Here Ducks Unlimited biologists counted 130 nesting pairs per square mile, each with an average brood of six. Throughout the rest of the prairies, nesting numbers this year fluctuated between 25 and 60 pairs per square mile. Ducks are everywhere. Not all of it good. Canadian farmers seeing the buildup reach last year's record-breaking proportions fear for crops and in every wayside store across the prairies crop damage insur-



LATE ARRIVALS, these baby scaup must hurry to grow up for the migration.

ance is outselling mosquito repellent.

Again this year food and cover are excellent. Slightly more teal are reported than last year, with a lot of mallard, cane and coot. The Glassell-Rice Lake is harboring a very heavy concentration, near Peil Lake and Kandahar Lake in east central Saskatchewan.

Lesser scaup are doing well everywhere and the Ducks Unlimited Kansas State projects (Moat, Rom, Gull and Swan lakes) have all species congregating on them.

Tom Sterling, DU biologist, thinks this is the best year ever and predicts more ducks for Mississippi, Central and Pacific flyways.

MANITOBA got a late start this spring and the first hatch of mallard and pintail is only now on the wing. The second hatch, while good, is spotty and below expectations. A broader representation of species is reported on Whitemouth Lake (southeast) and Killarney Lake (southwest). Redhead are down, also bufflehead. Maryland Lakes production is exceptionally high with a tremendous number of canvasback and teal evident.

ALBERTA has its heaviest concentration on Louisiana Lake No. 12; about 5,000 to 10,000 birds.

There is also a heavy duck population on the Ministik-Mason Sanctuary east of Edmonton, and although the southeast corner of the province is down in population, increases in the east central parts have compensated.

Matching the bumper crop of ducks this year, Saskatchewan has again set its bag limit at a high 15 a day for 100 days. A million ducks will fall in this province alone before they start south. But the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service allows no increase this year (with minor exceptions) and seasons and limits remain: Atlantic (70 days, bag of four), Mississippi (70 days, bag of four), Central (75 days, bag of five) and Pacific (80 days and a bag of six). (E.H.R.)

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Don Wilson, 24-year-old Rutgers College graduate who has driven unfettered hydroplanes for only a year, piloted George Brison's U.S. 11 to easy victory in Detroit's Silver Cup regatta, averaging 83.146 mph in final heat (see page 15).



Cliff Lumsden, 25-year-old Torontonian, churned steadily across icy Juan de Fuca Strait aided by Marilyn Bell who dived off boat to pace swimmer, broke first to swim waters from Canada to U.S.

RECORD BREAKERS

Russian athletes set world, European records at Moscow Spartakiade, closed: Unexpectedly strong 400-meter medley relay team dipped nearly full second off world record for non-Olympic event, swimming distances in 4:14.8; Vasily Kuznetsov swammed 1,728 points in decathlon to better European record, come within 257 points of Rafer Johnson's world mark (Aug. 15); Mikhail Lavrov walked 30,000 meters in 1:07:58.2, lowering old world standard by more than two minutes (Aug. 13).

Least, Paddy O'Brien heaved 16-pound shot 61 feet 4½ inches at Pasadena, Calif., to improve his own world standard by one half inch (Aug. 18).

Ray Healy pedaled across Chertino, England roads against buffeting winds to second record performance in week (81, Aug. 20), cycling 265.7 miles in 12 hours, more than 1,000 yards over old competitive mark (Aug. 13).

Maureen Murphy, 17-year-old Olympic team member, broke American 100-yard basketball record with 1:04.3 clocking at Portland, Ore. (Aug. 16).

National AAU women's track and field championships at Philadelphia produced four American records: Earlene Brown, Cagayan, Calif., shotput, 45 feet; Pamela Kurrell, San Francisco, discus, 140 feet 11 inches; Bertha Diaz, Cuba, 80-meter hurdles, 11.1; Barbara Jones, Chicago Cubs, 60-meter dash, 6.3 (Aug. 16).

George Beem splashed to American four-

mile record of 11:32.25 in National AAU swim at Alexandria Bay, N.Y. (Aug. 19).

BASEBALL

Milwaukee and Cincinnati met head-on in effort to revive National League race, but despite 15 home runs by Redlegs, including record-tying eight in single game (three by sub Bob Thorman), Braves demonstrated that pitching eventually wins as they gained four-game split. Cincinnati, however, moved game and a half nearer leader with three-game sweep of Cubs. Dodgers lost series to Giants but finished 3-2 for week to remain in second, two games off pace. Giants, with Willie Mays hitting five homers in as many games, had 8-2 record, finally commenced hard up dark cellar slalom.

Yankees, with 4-3 record, retained 5½-game advantage over Cleveland as Mantle led into worst slump of year (3 for 21). Red Sox swept series from fumbling A's who mathematically eliminated themselves from race. Red Sox encountered ancient nemesis, Washington, dropped four-game series to allow White Sox, who roared off five straight before being stopped momentarily by Detroit, to achieve third place.

HORSE RACING

Sweetie's Sue, so rank in early going that Jockey Eddie Aronzo had to stand in saddle to rate him, forged into lead at top of stretch for ½-length victory in \$159,425 American Derby on Washington Park's saggy turf. Needles, still mile lory of grass, failed to respond in run for wire, finished

6th. Said Aronzo: "I asked him to give me his best when we straightened out for home, and he really purred." (see page 13).

Splendid, 3-year-old daughter of Double Jay, stayed with pack until final furlong when Jockey John Hackman found opening on rail, drove her to head victory over Rosanita in \$97,476 Princess Pal Stakes at Washington Park. Favored Lashli, apparently discouraged by heavy going, suffered first loss in six starts, came in fifth.

Dedicate, Mrs. Jan Burke's 4-year-old colt, wore down Summer Tan entering last quarter mile under Jockey Willie Behard's smart handling, breezed to four-length victory with track-record time of 1:49 4/5 in nine-furlong, \$40,990 Whitney at Saratoga.

BOXING

Sugar Ray Robinson, wheeling and dealing, attempted break with IBC (James D. Norris, president), considered bids from both Philadelphia and Los Angeles promoters for September title defense against Gene Fullmer. Said free-enterprising Sugar: "I've only got one title to put on the line and I'm going to get all I can. Norris wants everything for himself. . . . It's his exclusive contract with IBC [legal and won't stand up in court]." Censored Norris: "I think Ray is just popping off. We've set going to break relations . . . even if he breaks with us. He owes us too much money." Ultimate decision most likely rests with Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan who will delineate IBC power this autumn.

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



SLASHING out double, Stan Mural gets his 1,073rd extra-base hit, later walked another to break Mel Ott's league mark.



STEADIED for backhand shot, Ken Henshaw shows return of form which gave him Newport win over Richardson (see page 20).



SPLASHING Soviet Steeplechaser Benjamin Rekin churning, who broke 2,000-meter record with 8:28.8, takes Moscow water-pump.

The distinguished sportswriter covers the Democratic convention in his idiom and finds that the main event was

IN THE BAG FOR AD

Excerpts from Smith's Chicago column

CHICAGO, AUG. 13

... As the Bluegrass country's favorite son—a Kentucky authority insists the appellation is incomplete—Happy (Chandler) loves horses more warmly than he did when he chiefly loved baseball. Then he declared race tracks off limits for ballplayers, but now keenly employs horsey parlance.

"I'm a Needleman," he told the press after he had visited with Harry Truman without winning the former President's endorsement. A political writer who construed this as a bid for the garment industry support had to have it explained that Needles won the Kentucky Derby after trailing by 15 lengths.

It wasn't necessarily a happy analogy. Needles ran a dreadfully slow last quarter as everything in front of him died.

CHICAGO, AUG. 14

... Athletically, the triumphantly maddish Clement's performance was magnificent. From Iowa to Georgia, a moralized hog-caller was reported doing into retirement like Rocky Marciano. For volume, endurance and unflagging pace, no sports figure this side of Branch Rickey could have matched the bull-throated boy wonder of the corn-pone belt. The reaction of one press box critic should, perhaps, be discounted on the grounds of possible Republican leanings.

A news account of this speech, this minstrel show suggested, should begin: "The Democratic party smote the Republicans tonight with the jawbone of an us."

The big game has hardly reached half time out here, and already there's reason to wonder how many of the starting team can go the oratorical distance. Clement set a withering pace, "going on the Bill Duly"—as horsemen say—when the gates opened and never looking back.

With his first belabored references to the "Democratic party," "laboring man and small business man" and "generations yet unborn," railbirds were lay-

ing 5 to 2 he wouldn't stay the course. There being no electric timer here, it was necessary to clock him by wrist-watch. ...

With Unflagging Frank it was still a horse race. He left the quarter pole under a drive. The Sage of Monticello was at least spiritually in this contest, he shouted. So was Andrew Jackson, so was Grover Cleveland, so was Woodrow Wilson, so were (how much weight could this horse carry?) Franklin Roosevelt and Alben Barkley.

Nearing the finish he was laboring. He seemed to pull up, then went on, and one was reminded of Eddie Arcaro in a race of two and a half miles at Pimlico. Passing the finish post for the second time with a long lead, Arcaro thought he had won until the field swept past and he realized there was still a full lap to go.

"Next time," Eddie said, "I'll put three beans in my mouth and spit one out each time under the wire."

It's a device the keynoter could have employed, for he blew several logical flishes. He got home at last in 44:04½, rides out. Even his bald spot was wet.

CHICAGO, AUG. 15

The old champ came striding down the aisle with outriders in front of him and cops behind, and memory recaptured the classic lines which once described Jack Dempsey's entrance in a ring:

*"Head? The conquering hero comes,
Surrounded by a bunch of bums."*

This was Harry ("Give 'em hell") Truman, last Democrat to hold the heavyweight title, coming out of retirement now to slug it out with the clever young contender, Ad Stevenson. The arena was a hotel ballroom, the ring a curving battery of microphones, the crowd made up of working stiffs assigned to a press conference. Stevenson wasn't there in the flesh but you could sense his presence, a stick-and-move guy, tough for even a young adversary to hit solidly.

The old champ looked fit, square of shoulder and springy of tread, his skin



clear, his eyes bright behind the glittering glasses. No roll of middle-age flesh showed under the gray double-breasted; his blue polka-dotted bow tie spread wings for bold fight.

But how about the old legs? ...

CHICAGO, AUG. 16

Mr. Whitney Birnstein, the noted fist-fight trainer, is one of the few great Americans not now present in Chicago. Thomas Jefferson is here—or so the audience ... is hourly advised—and Andrew Jackson and Grover Cleveland, but no Whitney Birnstein. In Ave Harriman's corner they miss him sorely, for Mr. Birnstein is esteemed as a good man on cuts.

If Ruby Goldstein were the referee, the Harriman-Stevenson match would have been stepped two days ago, but even as the Democratic heavyweight eliminators went into the final round tonight the worthy challenger from New York was still in there taking it. He is a dead game guy. It is to be coupled as an entry with that other valorous gladiator, Archie Moore.

When Rocky Marciano was detaching Moore from his intellect last fall, the referee offered to excuse Archie from the room. "No," said the old pro, "I want to be counted out." Marciano arranged it for him. As this is written, Ad Stevenson is performing the same service for Harriman. ...

CHICAGO, AUG. 17

If they brought off a barny like this in the fight game, somebody would holler for the cops. A shoo-in of this sort at a horse park would get even the stewards ruled off. There wasn't a literate, immortal soul this side of Versailles, Ky. who didn't know the title was in the sack for Ad Stevenson, yet when the Democrats put on the main event of their quadrennial tournament, it played to a jammed house of 30,000, and only the armed might of the police force held the mob under 100,000.

Jim Norris should have a piece of this political dodge. What Miles Jacobs could have done with it staggers the imagination. ...

Behind the Phillies' late-season drive to make the first division is the quietly dramatic story of a

PITCHER'S COMEBACK

FOR A left-hander, Curt Simmons is a nice enough young man. He treats his family with deep affection, has practically never been known to kick a hole in his locker even after losing a close game and is apologetic of by his teammates on the Philadelphia Phillies only in terms of admiration and respect. Of course there are days when other teams in the National League somehow manage to restrain themselves from going into ecstasy over the character of Curt Simmons, but this is in the nature of things. Generally, they like him too.

Yet in his relations with the press, Curt Simmons has been downright inconsiderate. With every opportunity in the world to make one of the most dramatic comebacks in baseball history, he has flubbed his lines.

He hasn't dramatized his exits. There was his induction into the U.S. Army in 1950 as the first major leaguer to be called up for the Korean war. If his baseball career was to be washed up at an early age, what an opportunity there! But since Curt ended up in Germany instead of in Korea, he couldn't very well get himself shot. So he came

on back home to pitch just as well as ever, and then stuck his foot in a power mower. That would have been a highly dramatic ending, too, except that a month later he was winning ball games again and laughing at the idea that a Pennsylvania Dutchman couldn't pitch just as well with nine whole toes as with 10. Only then, after escaping such bizarre fates, did Curt Simmons come to the end of the road in the most prosaic way possible: he went out one day to pitch and couldn't pitch at all. His arm was sore.

So two years went by and few people thought much about Curt Simmons any more except possibly to shake their heads sadly when they were reminded of what might have been. Then, one day, Curt Simmons was back. Just like that. Here, right in the middle of the 1956 season, he has won seven games in a row, each one of them complete. Almost overnight his earned run average has dropped until he is among the lowest in the league and once again he looks like one of the finest pitchers in all baseball.

"I don't care," he says now, "if I never make the headlines again. All

I want to do is pitch and win games."

And who can blame him? His first 10 years in baseball were eventful enough to last anyone for a lifetime.

Back in 1947 he began to receive his first national publicity when it was noted that major league scouts were standing on each other's shoulders to get a peek at this husky pitcher with the blazing fast ball who had pitched a string of no-hitters for Egypt High School. And of course he had that going for him, too; to a baseball writer, Egypt, Pennsylvania may not have all the endearing qualities of Vinegar Bend, Alabama, perhaps, but it is certainly good enough.

On September 28, 1947, pitching in his first major league game, this 18-year-old fresh out of the Pennsylvania hills beat the New York Giants 3-1 on five hits and struck out nine. At this point, the only thing standing between young Curtis Thomas Simmons and the ceremony which would install his plaque in the Hall of Fame was a simple matter of hurrying through the next 15 or so seasons in order to retire and become eligible for selection.

Of course it didn't work out quite that way; Curt was a very young man and he had troubles just as Bob Feller and Robin Roberts, who was to come along a year later, had theirs; a 26-game winner does not spring full-blown even from the hardy stock of Egypt, Pa. He had some trouble with his control and the Phillies manager and coaches were frankly a little worried about Curt's jerky, twisty pitching motion, which they felt needed to be smoothed out at least a little in deference to his arm if nothing else. But National League batters were agreed

HIGHLIGHT

AN ABILITY to beat the Yankees, even if it is a solitary talent, makes a man worth something nowadays. Willard Nixon, a right-handed pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, is a gentleman who has this particular faculty and gets paid around \$10,000 a year. He has beaten New York three times this year, and his lifetime record against the club is 11-5.

Last week he was repeating. The mighty bats were galled as Nixon had a no-hitter going for seven innings at the Stadium. In the eighth, Berra got a streaky single. In the ninth, with Boston leading 2-0, Milt Bolling flubbed McDougald's grounder to short. Maury McDermott singled to center, then Billy Goodman booted Pitcher Dan Lausen's grounder. The game which should have been won was in jeopardy, the bases were loaded with fearsome Yankees, and Nixon's temper—never

equable—began to boil. He massacred the mound with his spikes, looked daggers at his embarrassed infield.

Later he admitted: "Sure, I was mad. Not just at the others. I could have felled McDougald's grounder."

But Nixon didn't blow up. He struck out Hank Bauer on three curves. Martin grounded out, scoring a run. Next up was a shattering sight: The Mantle itself.

Nixon had been feeding Mickey kaukeries all afternoon and decided to fool the home run king with a fast ball. He almost didn't, for Mantle's drive to left field was high and deep. Gene Stephens, however, managed a desperate grab for the out and the ball game.

Nixon was unable to explain why he does so well against New York: "I don't try to figure it out. But I know this: you can't have a good year just beating one team." Nixon's season record is a modest 7-5.—H.A.

that when the young man was right, he was just about the toughest thing to hit they had seen in a mighty long time. And when the 1960 season rolled around, he was ready to go.

That year, as the Phils won their first pennant since 1915, Simmons and Roberts were clearly the difference. Yet for Curt it wasn't an entirely acceptable season—on September 4, after he had won 17 games and appeared a cinch for at least 20, he was called up for active duty as a member of the 28th Infantry Division of the Pennsylvania National Guard.

The Phils went on to win the pennant, barely scraping by on the last day, but they weren't the same without the big left-hander, and it showed in the World Series, where the Yankees took them four straight. It also showed the next year when Philadelphia, even with Roberts winning 21 games, finished only 8th. So in the off season between 1961 and 1962 the Phillies kept their fingers crossed and one eye on passenger manifests from Germany.

Curt didn't quite make it in time. He missed spring training and it took him a while to get in top shape but even so no one was too unhappy. Once he began to turn them in again, Simmons won 14 games, had an ERA of 2.82 and tied for the league lead in shutouts with six. Everyone got set for 1963. This was obviously to be Philadelphia's—and Simmons'—big year.

For a while it seemed that they might be right. Curt won seven in the early weeks of the season and was pitching better than ever before when—z-z-z-z—he chopped off part of his big toe in that blasted lawn mower. But even this interruption failed to stop Curt Simmons: at 24 one is even able to ignore cartoons showing a National League pennant flying off tied to one's big toe. In a month it was all well and Curt was able to pitch just as before. He wound up winning 16.

Again, 1964 should have been the year but it wasn't. Some days Curt would feel all right and then he would pitch as well as ever. On others he felt so weak he would go to the manager and ask for an extra day off. "Sometimes," he says, "my arm hurt like the devil. I couldn't even loosen it up."

And in this manner Curt went through the 1964 season, winning about half the time, and to those who didn't know the truly tremendous

continued on next page

NINE GOOD TOES are enough for Curt Simmons, here of Philadelphia's spurs.



BASEBALL

Continued from page 11

potential of this young man his record of 11-15 wouldn't have looked bad at all. But Curt knew, and so did the Phillies. They were worried.

They were also right. In Florida in 1955, Curt pitched only three innings. And over the season began, no one knew from one day to the next whether Simmons would even be able to pitch, much less win.

New exercises began to theorize about the true cause of Curt's trouble. Some said it was the strange jerky pitching motion which had finally put too much strain on his arm, and they held a strong argument. Where a normal left-hander will come off the mound with his right foot pointed straight toward the batter and release the ball almost in his foot toward the ground, Simmons is all different. His right foot ends up pointing off somewhere in the direction of the first-base line between the plate and the right-field box seats and it always hits the ground before he lets go of the ball. Thus Curt is

throwing across his body in a twisted and not at all normal position.

"But Benny Bengough, one of the Phils coaches, worked with me and we decided that part was O.K.," explains Curt. "I'll admit the delivery is strange but I make up for it by twisting the upper part of my body around just a little bit more. And the arm is coming straight in and easy toward the plate. That's the way I've always thrown. No, that wasn't the trouble."

And then they quit worrying to wonder about Curt's troubles at all and would not look any more and smile whenever the subject came up.

"They thought I was a mental case," he says, "and after a while I found if I didn't almost think so, too."

He was only eight games in 1955 and trouble, ailments, trouble, trouble were still. Several were in relief, and all season he pitched only three complete games. His earned run average was a miserable 4.92. Curt Simmons, at the age of 26, was plainly all washed up.

Only Curt Simmons refused to admit it. Last winter he worked for three months in a Philadelphia gym with



ROOMMATE HADDIS SAYS CURT IS TOUGH

Roberts and the Phillies some of the other Phils.

"I couldn't let go at first but finally I could throw pretty good," he said. "I remade myself."

After that it went slow even though Simmons was feeling better all the time.

"I knew he'd hit back right after I joined the team," says Harvey Haddis, who rooms with Simmons on the road now but at the beginning of the season was still a St. Louis Cardinal. "Last year we didn't know what was wrong but we knew he didn't have it any more. This year, the first time I saw him pitch, he was tough."

And every day Curt Simmons appears to be getting tougher. On July 3 he had only a 3-4 record and a rather undistinguished ERA of 4.50. After that he pitched and won seven straight complete games. His ERA has swooped down to 2.93; only four other starting pitchers in the league can boast of a record better than that.

"He's got everything he ever had," says Joe Adcock of the Braves. "Too much as far as I'm concerned."

"He's quick and he's always around the plate now," says Bob Buhl. "And his ball is really cutting up."

"He's plenty fast," says Ned Schenck, president of the Giants. "We couldn't do anything with him at all."

"I feel great," says Simmons himself. "I may not throw quite as hard as I used to, but my fast ball is moving. I throw the slow curve a little more and I'm getting it over better."

"I think I'm just as good as I ever was. And that—I hope—is the story of my life."

It also may be the story of the year. Nice and quiet, true, but impressive just the same. And really quite dramatic after all.

(E.R.R.)

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCE

TEAM	W-L	Win %	Runs	Hits	Errors	Fielding %	Team Batting Avg.	Team Pitching Avg.
ALBANY (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50

TEAM LEADERS

TEAM	W-L	Win %	Runs	Hits	Errors	Fielding %	Team Batting Avg.	Team Pitching Avg.
ALBANY (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (1st Year)

TEAM	W-L	Win %	Runs	Hits	Errors	Fielding %	Team Batting Avg.	Team Pitching Avg.
ALBANY (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50

SENIOR PROSPECT

TEAM	W-L	Win %	Runs	Hits	Errors	Fielding %	Team Batting Avg.	Team Pitching Avg.
ALBANY (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50

THE ROOKIE

TEAM	W-L	Win %	Runs	Hits	Errors	Fielding %	Team Batting Avg.	Team Pitching Avg.
ALBANY (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50
ALBUQUERQUE (NL)	1-1	.091	10	100	10	.950	.250	4.50

TIP FROM THE TOP



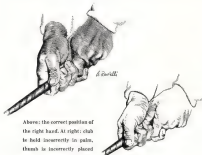
especially for
weekend golfers

from JOE LA MACCHIA, *Leest Hill Country Club, Pittsford, N.Y.*

The most common fault I've noticed among high-handicap golfers is the placement of the right hand on the shaft. We all know that for right-hand players the right hand is much stronger than the left. Consequently, if the right hand is not positioned correctly, it will overpower the left. Too many golfers ruin their chances of playing the game well right off the bat when they "palm" the club in the right hand, tipping that hand under the shaft. This makes the strong hand even stronger, wipes out the left almost completely, and produces a great number of errors of all kinds.

When you take your overlapping grip, affix the right hand on the club so that the shaft does not lodge in the palm but is gripped by the fingers. (If you opened your hand, you would see the club lying diagonally across the fingers.) As for the right thumb, fold it over to the left side of the shaft so that it touches the middle finger and the forefinger lightly. Almost immediately you will sense that the right hand feels different, that it feels weaker, and that the left feels stronger.

This stronger left hand will help you avoid picking the club up quickly on the backswing with a dominant right hand. The stronger left will not only stop your tendency to be an all right-hand golfer but it will allow you to develop a new and more correct overall swing pattern. And then you have a chance to improve.



Above: the correct position of the right hand. At right: club is held incorrectly in palm, thumb is incorrectly placed

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: ARNOLD BROWNING ON READING THE GRAIN



Championship

SPORT SWEATER

by **Revere**

*always in winning form,
it's made of softest*

MAZET®

Meet the Mazet 100% Orlon® sweater that invariably wins the title for softness and comfort. You, and everyone around you, will like the way Revere tailors it with a classic V-neckline. And, you'll be surprised at the warmth of this lightweight slipover. Machine-washable. Mothproof, too. Small, Medium, Large, Extra-Large. About \$9.00.

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Milken-Washburn, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 36, N.Y.
the Mazet is very light

Thirteen skippers battled for Olympic nomination

but it was an unkind whim of fate which settled the

BUZZARDS BAY BERTH

IN an Olympic sailing trial with a berth on the American team at stake, even a normal sail race can become high excitement. But last week's 5.5-meter trials on Buzzards Bay off Marion, Mass. ended in drama that had hardened sailing buffs scrambling for binoculars.

Every hull on Buzzards Bay represented from \$5,000 to \$15,000 of the owner's money. Thirty-two feet or so in length, the three-man 5.5-meter skip is the biggest boat in the Olympics (SL, Aug. 13), and it was fitting that the biggest money and the biggest effort went into the competition. Within a remarkably short space of 10 months the American 5.5 fleet grew from one lone hull owned by 1932 Olympic 5.5 champion Dr. Britton Chance of Philadelphia to 13 hulls hailing from places like Marblehead, Long Island Sound, Kenilworth, Texas and Wilmington, Calif.

By the time various hulls had been shipped, tank-tested or given several sets of racing sails, the total out-of-pocket of owners ran over \$100,000.

Nine of the boats were purchased abroad and the other four were designed by Americans, a fact which pitted U.S. architects against the best European designers.

Both Bill Luders and Ray Hunt, top-notch American designers, were standing off the racing course in cruising boats when the 13 slick, easy-riding hulls went shooting across the starting line for the first time. Luders' contribution comprised two-thirds of a three-boat contingent from the Texas Corinthian Yacht Club, and the Lone Star skippers struck fear into the hearts of the Yankees in the first race by finishing 1-3-4. Strains of *The Eyes of Texas* Are Upon You rose from the power boats which carried some two dozen rovers who had come all the way north for the trials. Bob Mosbacher, skipper of the winning *Corvus*, hoisted the Texas ensign and displayed a big grin. He was notified shortly by note that the race committee recognized only the national emblem.

Texas and tomfoolery were forgotten the next day, however, when Hunt's design, the *Quivrotir*, sailed by her three young owners out of Marblehead, took the fleet by a tremendous seven minutes and then proceeded to win the next two races in a row.

"When does this thing stop?" a rival muttered. "I'm telling you, the rest of us are worried." They had reason to be. The *Quivrotir*, with three races to go, was near the 1,300 points ahead of her most dangerous competitor, the Swedish-built *Rush IV*, owned by Vic Sheranus of Philadelphia and skippered by 23-year-old Andy Schoettle, a towheaded Barnegat Bay Comet champion.

Up to this point the *Quivrotir* story read like an American ballad. The boys ahead her were Don McNamara, na-

tional \$10 champion; Ted Hood, at 28 one of the country's leading sailmakers; and John Collins, Boston sailing writer. The *Quivrotir* had been built at Marblehead. Her planks were fitted by craftsmen using tools that had run along the hulls of New Bedford whalers. Her owners launched her amid a blaze of flags on July 4.

Even in the light airs of the fifth race, in which the *Quivrotir* was at a disadvantage, the gods smiled on her. The boats lay becalmed, with *Rush IV* among the leaders and *Quivrotir* in the rack a mile behind, when a new breeze sprang up and carried *Quivrotir* past *Rush* and into No. 4 place. It looked like the party was all over.

Then the gods deserted ship.

In the sixth race, sitting well up in fourth place, Hood tried to squeeze *Quivrotir* around a marker ahead of oncoming *Little Fleece* and tacked close off *Fleece*'s bow. Skipper Pierre du Pont veered off and hoisted a red protest flag. The race committee later decided against *Quivrotir*, and her score for the race became zero.

Aboard *Rush IV*, Schoettle, a sailor of unabashed cheerfulness who had been practicing since last fall—longer than any skipper except Dr. Chance—maneuvered home in fourth place. In *Rush IV* he had a top European boat, a fourth in the 1986 world champion-

"RUSH IV," OLYMPIC TRIAL WINNER, RUNS DOWNWIND WITH ANDY SCHOETTLE AT THE HELM



ship Gold Cup. In Sherona and, alternately, John Bryant and Bob Stinson, he had a fast, well-organized crew. Schoettie made the most of all his advantages.

Quintic should have had no trouble taking it in the last race. All she needed was ninth place, even if Rush won. The race started in a nice westerly breeze, and Quintic raced from 10th place to fourth on a single reach. The Marble-heads were practically in Melbourne.

THEN IT HAPPENED

Suddenly Quintic's mainsail sagged, fluttered wildly and dropped into the boat. The shackle which held the mainsail to the balyard had opened. McNamara, 260 pounds and a former Harvard back, sprang to the wire stays and swarmed up hand over hand, his legs hugging the swaying, bucking 40-foot mast until the stays ended, some 19 feet below the top. McNamara stood on the quivering stays with bare feet and reached for the shackle with hands that were out and bleeding. He was short by three feet. He tried desperately to climb the slick aluminum. It couldn't be done. Then he went down the mast, got a boat hook, came back up and, until the rest of the fleet had gone a mile ahead, he tried to hook the shackle down. It wouldn't come.

"I sat there, knowing I was one yard from Melbourne," he said later, "and I couldn't reach it."

It was a stunned crew that hoisted the mainsail in makeshift fashion on the spinnaker balyard and trailed the fleet around the course. Their only hope was that Rush IV would fail to finish first.

Schoettie had sensed victory, however. He made an inspired leeward run that brought him from fourth to first, a position he grimly held against repeated challenges by the No. 2 and No. 3 boats. When Rush IV crossed the line, Quintic became just another boat that didn't make it.

It takes none of the sheen from Rush IV's fine performance or the fact that she might do very well at Melbourne to say that most sailors would have preferred to be represented by an American-designed boat. It may still be, however, that Quintic will carry U.S. colors in the future. The Gold Cup will be sailed in 5.5-meter boats next year in Norway and will give Quintic a chance to prove that an American-designed 5.5-meter can be the world's fastest. Right now, it's up to Andy Schoettie and his teammates to prove that American sailors can be the world's best.

(ENR)



Make Every Shot Count

MODEL K3
3 power

Weaver-Scopes shown with Weaver Selectable
Tap Mount. Scope \$137.50; Mount \$9.75

**ACCURACY—VISION—
SPEED OF AIM WITH**

WEAVER SCOPES

A Model K Weaver-Scope provides the precise accuracy, speed and ease of aim you'll need for big game shooting. A Model K mounts you of better vision, more clear kills. Large hard-coated lenses give you clear, sharp, magnified images, adjustments for windage and elevation are guaranteed accurate; the entire scope is weather-right and ruggedly built for dependable performance on the toughest trips. See Model K Weaver-Scopes at your sporting goods dealer's.



WEAVER K4 4 power \$45.00

For illustrated literature, write
W. R. WEAVER CO., DEPT. 40, EL PASO, TEXAS

Never Carry More Cash Than You Can Afford To Lose



You can't lose if you carry AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—no time limit.
- Buy them at your bank, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges—only 1%.

Always insist on American Express Travelers Cheques

Rich and poor mingle at Saratoga, but the price is high for the privilege of shouting at the track:

THERE'S MY HORSE

I suppose at one time or another all of us, carried away by the happy emotions of cashing a winning ticket or merely by watching a beautiful racer in action, have turned to a friend and said, in effect, "Wouldn't it be wonderful to own a race horse. I wonder how much it would cost."

Let's see just what the new owner of today is getting himself in for when, having decided to attend an important yearling sale, he also finally decides to join in the bidding. Our hypothetical case is that of a newcomer starting from scratch. His qualifications, as he shows up at the Saratoga sales pavilion, include a love of the sport, an epinephrine outlook and a healthy bank account.

Our owner winds up by bidding a colt in for the average price of \$10,000, cash on the barrel. Even before he can find a trainer, Mr. Owner will be approached by a representative of an insurance concern, most probably Lloyds of London, who will suggest the usual full mortality policy at 4½%. Before he signs it, and after quickly figuring that it will cost him \$450 a year to insure his yearling, it will be explained to him that he will collect the full purchase price only if the horse dies from natural causes, is killed or has to be destroyed. There is no payment whatsoever on a horse who just breaks down—or, worse yet, on one who simply doesn't win races.

Next comes the trainer. Our man will go to a reputable trainer of a public stable, a man who makes his living by training for more than one owner. For our purposes, let us assume that Mr. Owner is an Easterner who has selected a trainer who spends the winters in Florida and the summers in New York. While explaining this to his new client, the trainer also fills him in on a few other items of expense. His fee, for instance, will be about \$14 a day—365 days a year, for horse racing knows no such thing as the five-day week—which will total up to \$5,110

a year. For this fee the trainer will have full charge of the race horse. He will supply the horse's feed, all tack, including saddles, bridles and racing equipment with the exception of blinkers (at \$9.50 a pair) and a light and heavy paddock piece (blankets), which, if they are initialed, will cost the owner \$50 apiece. In addition to the trainer's basic \$14 per diem rate, he will charge his client an extra amount, usually averaging 50¢ a day per horse, as his share of workman's compensation to give full protection to the trainer's stable help—just a matter of \$182 a year.

The next morning the yearling must leave the Saratoga sales barns to begin his new life. The trainer directs the colt to an associate in Kentucky who will take the yearling from mid-August

until mid-November for the purpose of breaking him. The cost of shipping the colt to Lexington from Saratoga runs to about \$150, and, once there, the man who will break him charges \$10 a day—or a basic fee of \$500 for three months. He will also charge \$3 a month for a stall and about \$10 a month for blacksmith fees. The owner's \$14 a day due to his trainer won't start until mid-November, when the trainer takes official possession of the colt at Hialeah after a trip from Lexington by rail at an approximate cost of \$150.

Now both owner and trainer start thinking about their mutual responsibility in terms of a future racer. The owner is advised to design a set of colored racing silks, which, after being submitted to The Jockey Club in New York, are usually modified so as not to conflict with the more than 1,500 sets of colors already registered. The cost: \$25 for lifelong registration. Colors then must be registered in each state in which you race—usual fee is \$1—and an owner's license at about \$10 must be taken out for each state. Two sets of silks will be bought at a cost of \$33 each.

It is too much to expect any horse, no matter how glittering and healthy he may appear in the sales ring, to go very long without requiring the serv-



RECORD AMERICAN PRICE. \$87,000, was paid for this gray Hyperion colt at the Saratoga yearling sales last week. Mrs. Lila Lane of Upperville, Va., was buyer; happy seller is her immediate neighbor, Taylor Hardin of Newtown

Farm. The high-priced colt returns to Newtown, but under new ownership. All told, 219 yearlings were sold at Saratoga for \$2,616,000—a \$10,132 average, \$708 more than last year's average, \$241 higher than Keeneland average last month.



SWOON'S SON WINS Chicago's American Derby, spelling outlook for Nerdin, who finished fifth and lost chance for

unanimous selection as champion 3-year-old of 1956. Swoon's Son, bred as a sprinter, took \$139,625 purse, Arcata riding.

fees of a veterinarian. In the course of a normal year an average vet's bill for a 2-year-old would be around \$325 and would include treatment for such standard, run-of-the-mill ailments as worms, coughs, and hooked shins—all in addition to periodic blood tests and doses of tonics. There will also be a matter of blacksmith fees, which will be around \$250 a year.

Mr. Owner's colt, now wintering at Hialeah although he may be far from ready to make his first start, must be considered (for a price of \$10,000) good enough, eventually, to run in, and even win, a stakes. It will cost about \$300 to nominate him for a number of representative stakes in his first season of racing. You do this, of course, knowing full well that he may never start in any of them.

During this first year, naturally, there will be other transportation costs: \$150 to ship the horse from Florida to Belmont Park and later on another \$250 for the round trip from New York to Saratoga. Jockeys' insurance, required by law, can run to a minimum of about \$120 a year. If your colt is lucky enough to start 10 times during that year the jockey fees will be \$200—or \$29 a ride.

The figures quoted above may appear to be staggering. They are. The total for our hypothetical case comes to \$8,867. Remember, these are the aver-

age basic figures for maintaining one horse through just his first racing year.

The owner's chances of getting a return on his investment are shockingly slight. To begin with, it has been estimated that 15% of all yearlings sold at auction never get to the races at all. Of the remainder, just half will win one race, and 30% will win just two races. If you are fortunate enough to have a starter, there is about one chance in 40 that he will win a stake and just about the same chance (1 in 40) that a \$10,000 purchase will eventually win himself out. A typical year for a 2-year-old who manages to get into 10 races would show that he wins a maiden race, places twice and shows twice—for total earnings of \$4,475. Now you subtract from this the trainer's 10% (\$447.50), jockey's 10% of the winning race (\$177.50), and another \$100 given as the owner's bonus for stable help. Thus, the owner's net income for the racing season is \$3,750.

Most public trainers figure that you have to win at least two \$3,000 purses just to make expenses, and most of them also readily agree that you have a pretty slim chance of being able to do it. As for winning any appreciable amount of money the odds are still more heavily stacked against you. For example, of the 272 yearlings sold at Saratoga in the 1954 sales only four managed to win more than \$20,000 as

2-year-olds in 1955. Joe Estes, editor of the turf weekly, *The Blood-Horse*, estimates that not more than 10% of all sales yearlings are in the earning bracket of \$5,000 to \$20,000. Another 25% earn somewhere between \$2,000 and \$5,000; 20% will win between \$100 and \$2,000, as 2-year-olds, and just about 45% will win absolutely nothing. Now, doesn't this seem to be a bigger gamble than betting on the horses?

Yet hundreds of newcomers are getting into racing every year. Some, un- wisely, go into it totally unprepared. One lady at Saratoga last week bid in a colt for \$4,200. When some of the problems of horse ownership were explained to her that evening she decided she'd had enough before she'd had any. So the colt went back for resale, and she picked up \$4,000 for him—a negligible loss compared to the \$8,860-plus expenses she would have been put to during the year ahead.

There is, of course, for every optimistic newcomer in the game, the ever-present dream and hope that their new yearling will be the bargain of the year. They will remind themselves perhaps of a colt of the 1954 Keeneland sales by the name of Prince John. He cost the not unreasonable price of \$14,300. In one afternoon in New Jersey last fall, Prince John picked up a winner's check for \$157,518.50 at Garden State. (KRR)

WHERE ARE AMERICA'S MILERS?

continued from page 21

on one hand, American runners have, with a few brief exceptions, generally lagged behind European and world standards at any given time by anything from precious seconds in the mile to minutes in the longer events. For example, Olympic Champion Ashenfelder's present U.S. two-mile record of 8:48.6 is more than 16 seconds behind the best European and world marks for the distance.

Why can't American distance men do better? Track coaches have discussed and debated the problem for years, meanwhile dipping into the more successful European distance running techniques and training methods. This has brought results—up to a point. The lead in adapting European practice was taken by the late E. C. (Billy) Hayes of Indiana University, who made a thorough study of the Flying Finn back in the early '30s when Paavo Nurmi and his countrymen dominated the distance field. Hayes helped popularize in the U.S. a Scandinavian training procedure that, with modifications, has since become known as "interval running." This is simply the use of change of pace through a nonstop practice period—a mixture of speed work, jogging and walking instead of sole accent on maintaining a set pace.

Hayes frequently required his runners to change the lead among them at the end of each 220 or 440 yards during a practice race, finding this helped to combat fatigue and to keep them up for topflight competition. Hayes's success certainly seemed to justify his methods: his star pupil, Don Lash, ripped off a two-mile in 1936 that wiped out Nurmi's five-year-old world mark. Other Hayes men—Tommy Deckard, Campbell Kane, Fred Wilt, Mel Pratt and Jimmy Smith—joined with Lash in dominating the American distance and cross-country scene for years.

But the Hayes lead was still not enough to bridge the gap between American distance men and the best from Europe: Lash's two-mile record was bettered by a Finn within a few months. Casting about for an even better training gimmick, many American coaches were attracted by the success in the '40s of Gösta Holmér, Swedish Olympic coach, whose stable of milers, led by Gunder Haegg and Arne Andersson, staged a succession of spectacular races that drove the world mile mark down almost a full five seconds to 4:01.4 in the brief space of four years.

Coach Holmér's secret, he revealed, was a system known in Swedish as *fortlett*, or "speed play." This was simply a baroque variation on that earlier Scandinavian cinder-path smorgasbord called interval running, done on meadows and forest trails. During an hour or two of this, a small group of runners indulges in every form of locomotion from fast sprints to leisurely walks—Holmér suggesting that the walks be taken "listening to the song of the birds. It is not only the body that gets fitter," he said, "but the mind as well." Besides its esthetic benefits, this form of training was designed to avoid the monotony of daily track work, shorten the stride, improve muscle tone and build resourcefulness.

FOOTNOTE TO A FORMULA

In their eagerness to try anything new, some American coaches and athletes latched onto "speed play" in a big way, seeming to assume that here at last was the magic formula for European distance supremacy. Suddenly gaffers about the country were startled by the appearance on fairways of groups of thinly clad young men, gamboling in erratic, if dead serious, fashion. But no perceptible improvement in distance men resulted. The imitators seemed not to have heeded Coach Holmér's precautionary footnote in forwarding details of his system. "It is wrong," he warned, "to give a student

at Yale the same work in training as a man who, in the struggle of life, may have to walk 10 miles daily."

There's the rub. While American distance runners can be, have been, improved by sensible adaptation of the best foreign methods, there is a limit. Unlike the sprints and jumps and hurdles and weight events, distance running cannot be mastered in a relatively short time by standard techniques and good coaching. To become a topflight distance man requires considerably more time, more conditioning and more plain Spartan self-denial than to excel in any other branch of track—possibly any other amateur sport. By no means untypical of the world's best is the grueling regime followed by Dave Stephens, Australia's "Flying Milkman," who cracked the world six-mile mark this winter. Stephens trains every day of the year, including Sundays and holidays. When on his milk job, he used to start with an hour's run before work, jogging a good part of his 12-mile route followed by horse and wagon and then finishing off with two to three hours of interval running or conditioning work.

Stephens, by the way, has been at it for 14 years, which is only what it may take to reach excellence at the sport. Like the best French wares, distance men mature slowly. Emil Zatopek did not arrive at his peak until he was 29 and began to break records in earnest only in his 30s. Gaston Reiff, Belgium's Olympic champion, was 31 when he set the world two-mile mark, while most of



the Hungarians and Russians favored for Olympic medals next fall have been running for eight years or more.

By contrast, most American runners quit track soon after leaving college. As the two-mile run is the longest collegiate distance and longer events are not as popular with the American public as with Europeans, there is neither early preparation nor the inclination there might be among American runners to essay such Olympic routes as the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs. These determined athletes who keep up their running while holding down jobs find it no easy trick to get in as much as two hours of training in the early morning or at night, at a track that may be miles distant from their home and place of work. There is usually not even time for the regular daily long walks that can be so valuable in distance training. As a result, the best American distance man can rarely reach the peak conditioning of, say, a small-town Scandinavian who can easily walk to work or the nearby track, or an Iron Curtain athlete with a state subsidy to permit plenty of hard training in place of a full-time job.

It might even be that distance running simply no longer fits into the American way of life. "The basic requirement of distance running," said the great Landy recently after his first visit to the U.S., "is physical fitness obtained through a daily routine of running. Life in America is very complex. For the high school boys there are so many things to do. So many of them have cars that a rigid routine of running would have little appeal."

To believe what this implies would be discouraging to all Americans who, with a mixture of pure excitement and vicious pride, have ever watched great runners exerting all their efforts in that most exciting of all competitive events, the mile run. It would be to deny a stirring history of distance running in America which, though sadly devoid of international victories over the years, nonetheless played its own full part in the spectacular achievements of the last two generations.

But something is necessary, and perhaps, as a beginning, it is only this: to inject into young Americans once more what Roger Barnister called "the joy of running"—that "new source of power and beauty, a source I never dreamt existed." For when running is pure joy, as well as physical achievement, then it becomes possible again for a man to run a mile as a favor to his girl friend—and to run it in under four minutes, to his own surprise. (END)



IT TAKES A CHAMP to win in the stretch

Beloit Stretch Sport Socks easily go the extra distance, yet they always keep their original shape. Whether you wear a size 10 or size 13, your Beloit Stretch Sport Socks fit comfortably, with natural "give" for every step and twist of your foot, every wiggle of your toes.

They contain a greater amount of wool, too, which adds up to more comfort. And, they're certified completely washable at any professional laundry.

Try a pair in white, or any of the new pastel tones styled for the smartness you want with casual wear.



Soar! you test in the spring
SOFT! more stretch, more wool

• 33% wool • 35% nylon •
10% orlon

WHITE, BLUE, GREEN, TAN, OR P.
Full length up. One size fits 10-13.

\$1.00 a pair

Beloit HOSIERY COMPANY
McMinnville, Tennessee



FUN AT THE FAMILY FAIR

New home of the Hambletonian, Du Quoin is the old home of auto racing, vaudeville and almost anything else you care to name

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK

LITTLE EGYPT, a section of southern Illinois, is about to offer nine days of vigorous competition and varied entertainment. There will be Grand Circuit harness racing, championship automobile and motorcycle racing, livestock and agricultural contests, the society horse show, the midway and the gala night shows. All the elements that make a fair are there, plus some special touches that make the Du Quoin State Fair distinctive, for this fair is the mania of one family, the Hayeses, held on their own private grounds. (It will gain even more distinction in the near future, for it has just been decided to transfer the Hambletonian, America's premier trotting classic, to Du Quoin from its traditional home at Goshen, N.Y.) It is called "state fair" for want of another name, although the real state fair is given at the capital, Springfield, and the legitimate county fair is presented at Perry County's seat, Pinckneyville. The Du Quoin event won't become the late W. R. Hayes decided he wanted it.

Du Quoin began almost 35 years ago on a sun-baked square of 50 acres along the highway outside the town. There was a half-mile track, three horse barns, a small grandstand and a stable cloud of yellow dust that hung over the grounds during the races. There are also those who claim there was less water available than on the Mojave Desert, because one of Mr. Hayes's business interests was soft drinks, and he demonstrated so reluctance about selling them to thirsty fair-goers. Harness homes and theaters were other concerns, so with the fair Sportsman-Businessman-Showman Hayes was in his element. Once the event was launched it became, in the tradition of the carnival, bigger and better each year. Even through the Depression years Hayes managed to keep on acquiring small bits of land to add to the original square, and in 1939 purchased 800 acres of the stripped-out Black Gold Mine. This dreary wasteland was contoured, threaded with roads and planted in bluggass, an outdoor face-lifting of heroic proportions. The results today are nearly 1,500 acres of park and fairgrounds with the third fastest mile track in the U.S. for harness horses, a million-dollar grandstand, 15

barns which can stable over 400 horses (the largest handles 117 head), monumental arches marking the entrances to the midway, a brick hog pavilion and, on the edge of the property, the soft-drink bottling plant.

During the 155 days of the year when there is no fair in progress, the place is open to the public as a park. The 19 artificial lakes are stocked with fish, and all anyone needs is an Illinois fishing license, a pole and a little luck. Thirty-seven miles of private roads wind through the hills and pasture land, with picnic benches and barbecue pits sprinkled in the groves of trees. Over 3,000 of these shade trees were transplanted, as well as some 2,500 shrubs, further to embellish the grounds.

Sons Gene and Don Hayes live on the fairgrounds in adjoining homes built where the three original barns once stood. The fact that the midway is almost in their backyard bothers them not at all, for Don calmly explains, "Everybody's got to go to sleep eventually." Within walking distance of the homes are the palatial Hayes Fair Acres Stables, with some 55 head of horses, brood mares and colts, including Lunt Song (Hambletonian winner), Dudley Hanover (Little Brown Jug winner) and the famous Pronto Don. Both brothers have driven in races at fairs of all sizes and on tracks of all descriptions, and Don, before becoming more interested in harness horses, made the show circuit for many years with his three- and five-gaited Saddle Horses. The results of his experience are found in the well-designed show ring and smoothly managed horse show. Running for five nights and offering a variety of stakes, it usually attracts a range of riders from top professionals like Art Simmes to top young amateurs like Ruth and Doris Glassy (see cover). The sisters have amassed some of their



BROTHER IMPRESARIOS Gene and Don Hayes pose by pool at home on fairgrounds.

test continued on page 55

Twilight on the midway finds leisurely crowd sampling attractions before night's big stage show at grandstand





Pacers lane in front of the stand's tent after starting. Grand Circuit racing is held for five days on the mile track, which is considered one of the country's fastest. Rich purses draw many top horses. Fairgrounds is also the home of Frankie Gee, now retired, the top money-winning harness horse of all time.



After the horses, championship big-car sprints (above) and 100-mile auto race are held. Du Quoin boasts one of 14 major auto racing tracks in U.S. Between events, water ski exhibitions (below) are given on oval lagoon in the track's center field. Drivers often dive into the water at end of hot, dusty race





Enchantment for children is easily found at the fair. Ponies, safely attached to turnstiles, become living carousel on midway (above), while farm exhibits surrounding carnival offer free and intriguing play for small fry. Many families enjoy picnic lunches along the borders of the ground's numerous artificial lakes



FAMILY FAIR

continued from page 10

158 trophies and 460-odd ribbons at Du Quoin in previous years and aim at enlarging the collection still further this week. Seventeen-year-old Ruth and her chestnut mare, Secret Love, are making what is almost a farewell tour, since after this autumn Ruth will be too old to ride in most horsemanship and juvenile events. This fact will undoubtedly draw some sighs of relief from the ranks of teen-age riders, as Ruth was defeated only once in 1955 after a vigorous season of campaigning. Daughter of St. Louis Eye Specialist Dr. Carl J. Gisy, Ruth first learned to ride at school. One spring a horse show brought a fifth award in a Beginner's Singles Class, and Ruth was bitten by the bug that is nourished on tanbark and championships. Sister Doris soon caught the same fever. A succession of better horses and bigger shows was inevitable, resulting in such a collection of silver that when the girls reach marriageable age it will be a

genuine feat to find a wedding present.

Although the horse show is important to horse people at Du Quoin, it is largely ignored by the night fair-going crowds. The big attraction is the stage show, presented on the huge 118-by-65-foot stage in front of the grandstand. The Hayeses are as proud of their show as they are of their horses, as it is no package revue but carefully selected throughout the year. They will not sign anyone they have not seen perform, and thus often book acts several years in advance. The Labor Day show, the fair's last, is completely different from that given on other days. The quest for all this talent takes the brothers on hasty trips all over the country, and they also follow their harness horses on the Grand Circuit from June until mid-November. In addition, Gene is a director of the U.S. Trotting Association, so it all makes for a busy life, and the Hayeses seem to love it. "When the fair is over on Monday," says Gene with a grin, "we start on Tuesday getting ready for next year's."

ALICE HIGGINS



POISED PARAGON of horsemanship, Ruth Gisy concentrates on showing her sixth horse, Secret Love. She may later give the name to her sister Doris.

FOR A REPORT ON EUROPE'S GREATEST HORSE SHOW, ITS FURNISHABLE ARRAY OF JUMPS AND ITS OWN SPECIAL BRAND OF FUN AND GAMES, TURN TO NEXT PAGE



style

... that speaks eloquently of your better taste.

BRITISH WALKERS

MADE IN ENGLAND

Send MAIL-ORDER CARD (shown on page back) to: P. O. Box 100, New York, N.Y.

master styled by

J. P. SMITH SHOE CO., Chicago 22

Shipping based on weight for 4 surrounding states and 1 central free zone for all other states for post paid zone.

Schaefer
Made in America Clothes



Individualized for you in

*Fashion
Fabric and Fit*

Relatively advertised and priced

\$52¹⁰ to \$74¹⁰

Write for FREE BOOK.

Let 1000 Men Make you
Schaefer's Fashion Book with
inspiring style and follow
measures and the name of
your favorite Schaefer
Business Center. Dept. 1

SCHAEFER TAILORING COMPANY

274 East 56th Street New York 22, N.Y.

GREAT AND CRAZY HORSE SHOW

Although the favorites failed to win, blue ribbons and silver cups were only half of Dublin's celebrated week

THEIR

THE ONLY OF THE judges were actually lynched in the show ring, or a person of the realm took a champagne bath in public, that could cause surprise to frequenters of the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show; practically nothing else could. The harking of bricks this year through the plate glass of the Russell Hotel where the visiting jumping teams were staying, raised only mild comment. A belated effort was made to give the incident a political slant by suggesting that the brick thrower was a Greek trying to upset the Turkish team, but it was later agreed that it was merely the act of someone ordering a bottle of cognac into the spirit of home show week.

Newcomers were, as usual, somewhat startled by such traditional goings-on at the hunt balls as white-tied couples of rank and fashion stripping to the waist and jumping off the balconies at 4 in the morning. On the other hand, Miss Nora Fitzgerald, prominent alike as some croquetist, horsewoman, sportsman and politician, who has seen these antics and must have thought people her age should be at the Minto Hall in taking it, quipped that she sent out for a set of chessmen and a board and whiled away the early morning hours playing the game and the jogging, champagne, corks and the dancers.

Outwardly the showgrounds, crowded to excitement and interest about 100,000 people were about equally excited among the Brazilian jumpers who looked as if they were winning everything right up to the moment when they suddenly collapsed, the great one on the side of the line under their weight and the question of whether the business was going to frighten a lot of English money away from the profitable sales.

People said it was an accident of fate, because nobody likes to think that money is being pulled off them. But whatever may be the truth about that, it is a fact that pouring

sales were nine times that last year.

Out of 224 ads catalogued, 179 were offered and only 92 sold, sold for a total of \$47,604—giving an average of \$517 per animal. That was 48 less than were sold last year, and the average price was down by \$147, and last year had shown a decline in 1954.

RIBBONS, BUT NO RESIGNATION

The great row came about through the assessment of money—speaking for only two with four nations that Peter Pan, who only achieved the status of reserve heavyweight carrying hunter, was a much better horse than Mr. T. D. Desper's Man of War, the 4-year-old gelding which was awarded the championship of the show. Mr. Jimmy Greer, who won the championship in 1953 and 1954, took a look at Man of War and said, "I think he's a winner, God help him."

There was an unexpected delay of just over an hour while the judges

wrestled about the final selection of the champion, and two of them threatened to resign and to resign to the show of Man of War. However, nobody did in the end resign, and Man of War got the trophy.

Hunting men were particularly pleased by the success of Mr. Frank Kilgus's Merion Kilgus, which won Class 11 for weight carrying hunters. Most of the sportsmen, it is said, and Mr. Merion Kilgus is a full brother to The Quiet Man of the Italian jumping team, and known to some regularly with the Bullymaad hounds. At Ballinacree he seemed to be the answer to those critics who like to pretend that weight carrying hunters and hunters are show-offs and nothing else—would be no use in the hunting field. He jumped the course and—except for one very minor fault—had a clear round.

A surprise for one and all—and a money loser for those who wish to like to bet on the jumping—was the final showing of the Brazilian jumping team. Right up to the start of the competition for the Aga Khan Challenge Trophy—the main event—the word among the experts has been that the Brazilians, despite their horses being small, British and much bigger than a pony and having a very strange jumping style, were going after all to wipe the turf with the British and the Americans. And, in fact, they did very well indeed during the first days of the jumping.

Their little horses are by English sires out of Brazilian dams. Their style



SEDATE HORSES arched past stands by champion hunter of show, Man of War. Mrs. Tom Desper, who won the trophy, is seen in the background. (Center) Dublin, 1955, parade on the show grounds.



FAR FROM SEDATE Scenes of the afternoon set included tubelock-draped dancing and wild jitterbugging. But a slightly



lured Miss Nora Fitzgerald walked away the small courts at the Heath Ball with a chessboard and a similarly refined partner.



resists in stopping nearly dead at the jump and then bucking over it. They contort themselves like dogs going over a fence. People thought that if they could win despite all this, as they did at Aachen, they must have first chance at the Aga Khan Cup.

In the event, Travassura twice threw his rider, Pedro Corvello, and Caramela, with the same rider, gave every appearance of being partially crazed by the excitement of the occasion and ran up 33 faults in the first round. After the second fall of Travassura, Pedro Corvello was led off the ground hurt, and the Brazilian team withdrew.

TURKS KICKED BACK

Lieutenant T. Moroney, who jumped, on Ballymossy, a clear round which helped to put the Irish team into third place, ahead of the Americans, says he believes the Brazilians had just done too much jumping on their current tour and that their horses, instead of being, as they looked, too hot, were as a matter of fact a bit stale. The Turks, who were placed second, might actually have won this supreme trophy but for one curious fault their horses seemed to have in common—that of kicking back at the jump after they have got over it and dislodging the pole with their hind feet. It was a trick which cost them a lot of faults.

Though the Americans—with Master William, Hollanda, Belair and First Boy—achieved only fourth place, it is true that their style was

justifiably the most admired in the eyes of the most critical horse show audience in the world. (The crowd at Ballsbridge watches the jumping, and particularly the Aga Khan Cup, with an intensity of emotional attention which one normally associates only with the running of the Derby or the Grand National.)

People who had seen the American jump last year were particularly impressed by the enormous improvement in the smoothness of their jumping style, and when Hugh Wiley on Master William jumped a clear round at the outset, a lot of people thought the trophy was in the bag for the United States. The clear round was especially creditable since Master William had been visibly much upset by the playing of all the national anthems during the parade at the outset and the disturbing noise of the Irish army pipers playing marching tunes on Scottish bagpipes. One observer describes him as jitterbugging right through the parade.

The winning British team was the only one to include women—Miss Dawn Palethorpe, who had a clear round on Earlscroft Rambler, and Mrs. Bryan Marshall, whose Welsh horse Nobbler nearly lost them the Cup by refusing three times and getting eliminated. The British team was notably cosmopolitan: with the exception of Nobbler all its horses were Irish-bred, and John Lanni, rider of Huntsman VI, is Italian-born.

Compared to the Americans, the British riding and jumping style—except that of the masterly Lieutenant Colonel Harry Llewellyn—seemed so much less smooth as to appear almost funny, as though the riders and horses were both so keen to win that they were nearly quarreling about how best to do it. Possibly the most sensational single achievement was that of John Lanni, who fell on the bank in the second round, held on to Huntsman VI, remounted and got home with only half a time fault—equivalent to a delay of just two seconds.

Probably the only unhappy man in the whole of the vast crowd at Ballsbridge was a certain Doctor Andrews, head of the Irish Turf (peat) Board who hates every aspect of the horse. He had to attend the show this year as a courtesy to three visiting Russians—deputy ministers of Fuel and Power from Moscow. He hoped and believed that they would share his disdain for the horse events and sought to rivet their attention on the flower show and the industrial exhibits. His effort was in vain. The Russians loved the display of fashion in the jumping enclosure, loved the pipe bands, loved the horses, loved every minute of the jumping. Doctor Andrews was there all day and later turned up at the British Embassy cocktail party in a state of exhaustion, trying to fight down a feeling that the Russians are not as serious-minded as they ought to be.

—CLAUDE COCKBURN

AVERY BRUNDAGE

continued from page 28

who still consider it little personal exile, that even if you overlooking the fact that, in reality, the amateur involved doesn't have benefits in terms of tourism and revenue of international publicity? The Olympic site is not off put on the map, isn't it?

A That's true. Why do you think there are 28 olive-bidding for it?

Q Well, don't you think that the boys make possible that kind of tangible benefit for the cities involved, and isn't it a small thing to grant them the right to recruit their talent into money before?

A You are overlooking the boys who are genuine amateurs, who are in the Olympic Games for the love of it. The only



A professional does not belong in the Olympic Games. . . . It's that simple.

It's hard an amateur gets a brief glory in champion, and he shouldn't be deprived of it by somebody who is going to make a business of what he is doing. If you stamp out games for the professionals, you are not keeping faith with the amateurs, and the Games—under the Olympic ideal—are staged for amateurs. Why should the Games become a vehicle to use somebody's profits?

Q But haven't you seen where a star football player has quit playing for a number of years, and he's still not a professional? Why do the Olympic athletes want some recognition, at least the right to turn pro? After all, athletes derive benefits, trips to universities and the Games themselves.

A The boys get the trip, too. No, it is not the same thing. But you can say that of college football, and it will shock some people, coming from Avery Brundage. I think in college football players should be paid. The present college football situation cheats the player by diverting too

much time from his studies and making hard work of a game that should be fun. Any institution which takes advantage of its students' loyalty and exploits them for gate receipts is engaging in a venial and ought at least to be made to pay the boys. The trouble is—one of the reasons there are all these questions you are asking—that there is no literature on the subject of amateurism in sport. I advocate that every educational institution have courses in amateurism. It would be a better country if they did.

Q But how do you define amateurism? These countries which are going on so strongly for it have no comprehension of the situation in the U.S., do they? If their athletes had the same opportunity to turn their skills into cash by, say, they could probably overcome their efforts in a rush to get in on it, couldn't they?

A You must remember that we are not dealing with non-sequential people on the International Olympic Committee. My predecessor in this position was also president of the International Chamber of Commerce. Our member in Denmark is Prince Axel. These are people of substance. They are not children.

Q Perhaps that is the trouble. Perhaps they have taken too long—perhaps too long—from the days when it was the exclusive province of an aristocracy which was not only wealthy but American and of the money and security of mind. Maybe they don't understand the problem of a championship winner who enters from a nation far.

A That charge has been leveled at the committee—that there are too many politicians and millionaires on it. I don't hold with it. These are intelligent people who understand the problems of the modern world as well as you or I. Half of them are ex-Olympic competitors or champions themselves.

Q Why did you or the committee wait until publication of the I.O.C.'s declaration on professionalism of the amateurism?

A A warning was sent out a year ago, and that should have been sufficient. See here, let's assume the new warning was not used at all. Under the rule which has been in effect for 46 years, an amateur who intends to turn professional is not really an amateur and not eligible for the Olympic Games at all. We have not preferred amateurs. The athletes do not now pledge never to turn professional. He says that it is not his present intention. No one knows what he will do five years from now. But I say that the minute a boy becomes an "aspiring" professional he becomes a professional. From the moment he decides to become a pro he is a pro. And he does not belong in the Olympic Games competing with those who have and intend to remain amateurs. It's that simple. (END)

SAS Grouse Shooting in Scotland

Magnificently difficult wing shooting for grouse on Scottish moors, all birds used deemed over hills in autumn gales. All arrangements, travel, hotels, grouse, guns, hacking carts . . . dogs for walk-over shooting, in best health for grouse.

SAS flights from New York to all Europe are via Scotland, add a few days grouse shooting to a business trip anywhere on the Continent. Or fly SAS transporter from Los Angeles.

For grouse shoot details, see your travel agent, or write:

SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

Sport trips to all Europe, Near East, Asia, Africa.

638 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

DON'T MISS IT
Current's New
Audiology, Counseling
& Hearing Clinic

Just one of the new
1976-77 editions
of the book
which is
available to
all audiologists
and hearing
aiders. For
more information,
contact
COUNCIL, INC.
1111 14th St., N.W.

LEXOL

preserves, renews,
about any plastic part of LEARNER
The Lexol Corp., Caldwell, N. J.

Easy To Use
Liquid

Washing • Polishing • Maintenance • Waxing

Swimming • Scoreboard • Hockey • Pellet

Swimming • Golf • Swimming •

happy hours

With our 3 boys plus Mom and Pop in our sports-SI is a natural. Enjoy a great drink. That's our lots of Happy Hours.

See, You Know
It's a Cold

Year • Bowling • Nightlighting • Regs

Swimming Events • Fisherman's Calendar •

Swimming • The Swimming • Swimming

STRIPED BASS: A DETECTIVE STORY

continued from page 28

After a few moments of silence, Coot Hall put away his paint, wiped his hands on a rag and whistled for his dog, a Kerry blue named Cutty, and soon it came bounding along the wharf. Then Coot invited the investigator to join him and the dog on the front seat of a 1939 Ford truck for a jolting ride up the hill to the Bowerth House where Coot lives during the summertime.

Once a striped fisherman is hooked, he's hooked for life. He may try to break away, but he'll come back to it as sure as he lives and breathes. People come here, men and women come here to Cuttybank from all over, St. Louis, Detroit and Chicago. There's an Englishman who comes all the way from England. There was a fellow from Philadelphia here just the other day, drove

of the harbor and around the island.

After a while Coot took the tiller forward, waving his hand in dismissal of the investigator as hehomas. It was beginning to get dark now and the *See Coot* moved through a sea wickedly calm, slick as a millpond. Coot pointed ahead. The investigator looked and saw the evil churning of the rip tide breaking over the huge submerged rocks. Coot throttled down for trolling and the *See Coot* moved into the rip. The investigator took his rod and put the butt of it between his knees. Coot came over and moved the rod so that it lay across his legs and then went back a pace and began casting, pin-pointing his lure down behind a rock just visible above the water.

"Here's something about the stripper," said Coot. "The stripper is a fish that eats to live. The bluefish, to take an example, lives to eat. When the stripper is feeding, he's liable to hit at any kind of plug that resembles his diet at that time; when he's not feeding, he won't take anything."

"Excuse me, Coot," said the investigator nervously, "but something's grabbing at this line of mine."

Coot put down his own rod and moved over and started pulling in the investigator's line. In a moment, he held up the eelskin lure and pointed to the seaweed caught on it.

"I would have sworn I had a strike there," said the investigator.

"Brother," said Coot, "if the day ever comes when you do have a strike, there won't be any doubt in your mind."

Coot let the line out again and then went back to his art, whipflick casting. After a while he put his rod in the rack and said:

"The conditions this evening have been ideal for stripper fishing. The fact that we're not getting any forerms me to conclude that either the ham are not feeding or the ham are not here at all. I guess you might as well reel in and we'll start home."

When the lines were in, Coot reared down and advanced the throttle a little bit.

"That brings to mind," he said, straightening up again, "another point to be considered about stripper fishing. It's a democratic sport. You can spend as much as you want or almost as little as you want. A man can troll for ham from a \$100,000 yacht if he wants. Or he can spend \$75—or maybe half that if he's handy—on a surf casting outfit and fish his head off for practically nothing. A lot of workmen save all year for two weeks of boat fishing here.

THE GROCERY STORE MAN



PAUL B. BANGS supplied the transportation from Martha's Vineyard, where he owns a grocery store, to tiny Cuttybank Island across the sound, where he owns another.

Coot didn't have much to say during dinner, but it was plain that he was thinking hard as he went through three of the nine lobsters that the cook, Len Robinson, put before him and his guest.

Finally Coot Hall pushed his chair back from the table, lit up a cigaret and began to muse aloud:

"Here's something I believe," he said. "Ninety percent of the people in the world would like to go fishing. It's a human instinct. The great majority of people who go fishing just go for the relaxation it gives them. It's not a matter of life and death with them. Now, let's consider the stripper fisherman. What kind of character is he? Well, once he's got a taste of it, something drastic happens to him. He'd rather fish than eat or sleep. A smoker will forget to smoke while he's stripper fishing and a drinker will forget to drink,

all the way, fished all night, played poker all day, went back to Philadelphia with one hour's sleep and said he never felt so refreshed and rejuvenated in his life."

The Kerry blue asked to be let out and Coot got up and opened the door.

"I don't know," he said, sitting down at the table again. "You say, what has this fish got, what's his character, what's his magnetic personality that does things to people. I don't know; it's something you feel."

Coot Hall made a sudden decision. "Come on," he said, "let's go see if there are any around."

It was at sunset, a good time to go. Down at the wharf the dog jumped into the boat and took charge. Coot Hall passed out eelskins and put on his own, turned over the engine and let the investigator take one of the twin tillers and steer the *See Coot* out

They'll throw \$5 a week into a kitty so you would in a Christmas club and for two weeks they're in seventh heaven.

"But you get all kinds of people. Policemen, bartenders, mechanics, big business men, celebrities. Perry Como was here with his son, Ronnie, last year and went out with Lloyd Bosworth and got some nice big stripers. A few years ago Mr. Fred Vinson, the Chief Justice of the United States, was here, fishing for stripers. I recall the cook we had at that time sticking his head

THE CUTTYHUNK SAGE



COOT HALL, the dean of guides, believes: "The striped bass has a mind of his own."

out the window and yelling, 'Hey, Fred, grub's on the table.' The Chief Justice took that as a matter of course and he yelled back, 'I'm coming on the double.'"

As the Sea Coot turned into the Cuttyhunk harbor, Coot Hall throttled her down and Catty, the dog, started barking and jumping up on the engine housing and down again as though he were directing the operation himself.

"Coot," said the investigator, "tell me this: do you consider the striped bass a fighter?"

"Not compared to some others," said Coot.

"Is he something out of this world as eating?"

"Don't ask me," said Coot. "I'm no fish eater. Some people find the striper tasty, but I wouldn't say out of this world, no."

"Well, what do you say he's got that brings people back year after year trying to catch him?"

continued on next page



the measure of a man of action!



Here is clothing built like you. No poufch, no sag, no excess bulk. Only Louis Goldsmith clothing is designed exclusively for the young in build. Fewer alterations are needed—so the style is preserved as the designer intended. Try it on...it's made for you!

Makers of Campus Togs and clothing under the private label of stores coast-to-coast now showing a complete selection of styles for back-to-school and back-to-business.

For name of store nearest you, write: Louis Goldsmith, Inc., 2014 St. & Erie Ave., Phila. 40, Pa.

STRIPED BASS

continued from page 87

Coot Hall eased the bass boat up against the dock and made her fast. Heashed his oarsmen and stowed them away in the cabin.

"What I say he's got," said Coot Hall, "is a mind of his own, and damned if anybody can ever figure it out for sure."

Next day, on the very boat that runs between Martha's Vineyard and Woods Hole, Mass., the investigator ran into a nosetriper fisherman named James McDaniel who had his car ashore and was on his way to Nova Scotia to visit a boatyard there. The investigator briefed him on the results of his survey so far.

"In other words," said McDaniel, "you've been out with an expert surf caster, Tony Gaspar, and an expert boat fisherman, Coot Hall. Have you seen any bass?"

"No," said the investigator. "But, of course, Tony and Coot have caught hundreds of strippers over the years. That's a matter of record."

McDaniel shrugged his shoulders. "Do you want to ride part way with me?" he said. "I'm driving to Bar Harbor, Maine to catch the ferry for Yarmouth."

"Well," said the investigator, "I would like to get up to Maine. They tell me the strippers go that far north once in a while. It might be worth checking."

An hour later McDaniel stopped his car at the bridge over the Cape Cod Canal. He pointed to fishermen lining both sides of the canal.

"There they are," he said. "There are your stripper fishermen."

"Oh, yes," said the investigator. "I know all about this ditch here. Why, they tell me that in the spring and fall the strippers come through here by the million. One man said he was casting over one million and the canal was choked with bass. They were breaking water and smashing each other, and this man said the peculiar acoustics of the canal, created by those steep banks you see there, made it sound like the reverberation of cannon."

"Have you ever seen a bass taken from the Cape Cod Canal?"

"Not personally, no," said the investigator, "but there's no doubt about the strippers going through here. They go through here and on up the Cape. They got thousands of them at Nauset Beach. I've been there myself and seen it with my own eyes."

"Seen what?" said McDaniel.

"The stripper fishermen!" cried the investigator, a little irritably. "Why, you'll see hundreds of beach buggies lined up along Nauset Beach in the early summer and fall. These stripper fishermen have these beach buggies. It's a terrific sight, believe me."

"You've been there while they were taking striped bass? You've seen them brought right up on the beach?"

"No!" exclaimed the investigator. "I personally didn't see that. But all hell had been breaking loose just before I got there. And later I heard that just a few minutes after I left the beach there was a real blitz of strippers. Why, people couldn't give them away, close were that many."

McDaniel started up the car and didn't speak for a long time.

each item in terms of its appeal and usefulness to Mr. L. L. Bean himself, in the delight of sportsmen from coast to coast.

"Stop the car," said the investigator.

"Let me out at the L. L. Bean store."

McDaniel pulled into the curb.

"I'll wait for you," he said.

The investigator did not expect to find Mr. L. L. Bean himself at the store. If half the tales told in the catalog were true, he would be well into his sixties and probably retired.

"I would like," said the investigator to the receptionist, "to see Mr. L. L. Bean."

"Mr. Bean," said the girl, "is out for his coffee break. Please have a chair."

In a few moments Mr. L. L. Bean

THE NONBELIEVERS



L.L. BEAN, of old Maine store fame, shook his head: "I am an Atlantic salmon man."



JUSTICE William O. Douglas carried his paper and said: "I fish for sweetmouth bass."

"There's a fellow named Arnold Larue in Presquebore," said the investigator after regaining his composure, "he can swear striped bass. I'm told he can walk along the beach at Presquebore and sniff the air, and if the strippers are out there he can smell them. When he smells them he cants, and they tell me he gets more strippers than anybody in the Cape."

McDaniel said nothing.

"I'll give you the name in the book," the investigator said. "It's Striped Bass Fishing by Lyman and Washburn. It's all written up in here how this Arnold Larue can smell strippers."

There were no further words until the car reached the outskirts of Freeport, Maine. At the side of the road, there was a big signboard reading: "Home of L. L. Bean. Fishing and hunting Headquarters. Open 24 hours a day." This was the famous mail-order house whose catalog, describing

himself banded up the stairs, tall and straight as a beanstalk and jolly as Santa Claus. At his invitation, the investigator followed him into his office and seated his mission.

The smile faded from Mr. Bean's merry face. He looked a little sad. Then he reached down and pulled out a drawer of his desk. He drew out a book, picked up his ballpoint and autographed the thief. He handed it to the investigator.

"All I know about fish," he said softly, "is in this book. Take it with my compliments."

The investigator took the book and got up on his feet.

"Is there anything," he said slowly, "about the stripper is here?"

Mr. Bean shook his head.

"I am an Atlantic salmon man."

The investigator did not speak to James McDaniel until the car stopped at the Nova Scotia ferry wharf in Bar

Harbor. As he got out of the car, McDaniel said:

"One final word here. When I go fishing, I go to catch fish. I can go out any day in the summertime and get myself a washbub full of soap. That's my idea of fishing."

The investigator walked away without looking around. He walked through the town, and at the main intersection he turned into a drugstore. The proprietor was seated in a rocking chair. He was puffing a pipe. In the breast pocket of his coat were a half dozen cigars. He was reading a paper book entitled *How to Stop Smoking*.

"What," said the investigator, "is the striped bass situation around here?"

The druggist puffed on his pipe, eyeing the investigator.

"We got a lot of sea bass around here," he said.

The investigator turned on his heel and walked out. A taxicab was passing by and he hailed it and asked to be driven to the airport.

Sometime later, the attractive stewardess on the Northeast Airlines DC-3 announced that there would be a 20-minute stop at Portland if any passengers cared to stretch their legs.

Stretching his legs around the terminal, the investigator looked at one of his fellow passengers who was standing reading a newspaper. He was William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

"Excuse me, Mr. Justice Douglas, sir," he said.

Justice Douglas looked up from his newspaper.

"I am conducting an investigation into the striped bass situation," said the investigator. "I know you're a great fisherman and I wondered if I could get an opinion from you about the striped?"

Justice Douglas rattled his newspaper and shook his head.

"I fish for seaforeshank bass," he said.

The investigator thanked him and looked away.

On the plane the investigator took stock. He was beginning to feel as frustrated as Sergeant Joe Friday of the *Drogan* television program just before the middle commercial. Where was the truth about the striped? Where, indeed, was the striped?

NEXT WEEK: PART II

Wherein the investigator, pursuing his quest, after 2,000 miles finally comes to grips with the truth—and a striped bass

PENNSYLVANIA

Golf Bags and Balls PAIRED FOR PLEASURE!

Pennsylvania's beautifully styled, longer-wearing Golf Bags, featuring Toles, and top-performing Golf Balls add up to greater playing pleasure—FOR YOU.

Available in a wide range of colorful combinations, plaids, and solids, the bags have unusual appeal for both men and ladies.

Be good to yourself and your game . . . See this Pennsylvania pair at your leading sporting goods and department stores today.



THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
PENNSYLVANIA ATHLETIC PRODUCTS DIVISION • AKRON, OHIO

Arthur Godfrey took a swim... then he used Vitalis



Thomas J. Arden Godfrey and His Friends • CBS-TV • Merchandise Booth • M.C.A.C.

New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day

After exposure to water, sunlight and wind, Vitalis restores hair's natural moisture balance better than leading creams or oil lotions. It soothes even the most unruly hair, eases its tangles, lets you move with an oil-slick look, because Vitalis

contains V-7, the grandest grooming discovery. Try new Vitalis—you'll like it. (And so will your mate.)

VITALIS' HAIR TONIC WITH V-7.

MADE IN U.S.A. • 100% PURE • 100% V-7



Slip.

I have read with more than ordinary interest the two articles, *The Folly Football Crisis* (SL Aug. 4 & 13). The editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Heron Hickman are to be complimented for the most temperate, reasoned and constructive article on intercollegiate football which has appeared in many a moon. In presenting the candid viewpoints of college presidents, coaches and alumni boosters you have given a graphic picture of the present uncertainty and unrest which characterizes many segments of the college game.

The success of this article was due in no small part to the motivation which prompted it, namely, "a strong and enduring attachment to the game." It is this same motivation which leads me to comment at some length on your article and to encourage you to press home your aspirations for football's future health and vitality. In your "Nine Points for Survival" you have provided a realistic framework which, if scrupulously followed by all colleges, would soon eliminate the major abuses which are now a plague to the game.

The chief merit to your nine points is the fact that they are practical, verifiable and would strengthen rather than weaken the intercollegiate football program of any university with the courage to adopt them. Why are I so certain about this? Simply because they happen to coincide in almost every respect with the basic regulations which have guided our football devotees at Notre Dame (not unsuccessfully we think) for many decades.

If a prospective athlete must meet the standard entrance requirements of the university, we too many excellent high school athletes to state institutions whose entrance requirements are not as strict as ours. We do not feel, however, that this is a

real loss. In our experience the better students give superior performances as the freshmen.

2) To be eligible for competition, an athlete must maintain a 75% academic average even though 70% is a passing grade. This insures that he is making normal progress toward a degree. Only two letter men in the past decade have failed to graduate from Notre Dame.

3) All grants-in-aid to athletes are administered directly by the university on the basis of the student's need. Booster groups and alumni donations for athletics are taboo. A coach who would encourage under-the-table help for a boy would be summarily dismissed. The alumnus who participated in anything like this would be persona non grata at the university.

4) A boy's grant-in-aid will never exceed the basic costs of his education, namely, board, room, tuition, books and laundry. Under no circumstances do we permit a boy to receive any cash benefits. If he accepted such emoluments he would lose his scholarship, and if a coach were party to such a deal, either directly or indirectly, he would be fired.

5) A boy's scholarship is not dependent upon his performance on the gridiron. Once he is given a scholarship it continues for four years whether he ever does a football uniform or not. Academic failure and disciplinary action are the sole causes for cancellation of grants-in-aid. This policy is aimed at one of the most serious abuses still prevalent in too many schools where a boy is given a one-year scholarship which is not renewed if he fails to make the team.

6) A boy is ineligible for participation in football after he has completed eight semesters (four years) of school work. This rule is aimed at another abuse whereby

coaches keep a boy in school for five or six years until he has exhausted his three years of eligibility for competition.

7) Bowl games are not permitted on the theory that they unduly prolong the football season and adversely affect the academic work of the athlete.

8) Football players live in the regular student dormitories and eat in the regular student dining hall. In every respect, they are completely integrated with the general student body and are neither glorified nor belittled by the latter.

9) The athletic department has neither justified nor financial independence. Its revenues are deposited with the general funds of the university. Its expenditures are budgeted in advance and subject to the same controls as all other departments of the university.

10) No transfer student is permitted to participate in intercollegiate athletics at Notre Dame. This rule is to discourage the tramp athlete who is always ready to move from one campus to another.

As you know, the University of Notre Dame is not a member of any conference. However, because of the benefits to be derived from intercollegiate football, both for the participant and for the university, we have tried to govern ourselves by a basic set of principles which will protect these values and forestall the serious abuses which obviously can arise. We are greatly encouraged by the soundness of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s thinking in this turbulent area, and we are happy to endorse its "Nine Points for Survival" with all the enthusiasm we can muster.

(REV.) EUGENE F. JOYCE, C.S.C.
Executive Vice-President
Chairman, Faculty Board
in Control of Athletics
Notre Dame, Ind.

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



'THE MOST TEMPERATE, REASONED AND CONSTRUCTIVE . . .' 'EDITORIAL STATESMANSHIP AT ITS BEST . . .'

SIN:

Herman Hiltmann's article about the problems in college football and his sound recommendations are an outstanding example of constructive editing. This is editorial statesmanship at its best. The editor will be sympathetic and understanding, and the influence will be felt on every college campus and in every alumni group in the country. I believe these articles will mark a turning point in the effort of many ex-football players, thoughtful coaches, athletic directors and college presidents to restore college football to an honorable basis.

Your articles, please the desire for constructive recommendations policies where it belongs on those college presidents who mistakenly try to buy a college's reputation through football losses rather than educational integrity. Too many academic practices in recruitment that are contradictory to the ethics taught in the classroom. Their practices have caused more cynicism, cynicism regarding their college choice because they were not prepared to meet their college classmates on equal terms that were needed like a group apart.

The Sports Illustrated article is an interesting public indignation with "hiring" college football players, together with the constructive work that has been going on for a long time behind the scenes by the college reformers, well, I believe, lead to thinking up new agreements in our national college athletic associations.

Your recommendations express a pattern of thought that could well be used as a guide. But any new agreements will be better supported and more particularly observed, say you, I am sure.

The Football Foundation, through its last chapters from coast to coast and its active members, has been engaged in an effort, modest in the beginning, but sound in its courage, to see that the young high school men and boys are not lured to college football as part of an educational process and not a preparation for professional football.

It is our view that college football is an institution that is unique in American life. It contributes a place for building a spirit of self-discipline, sacrifice for principle and teamwork. Here is provided the growing grounds for self-discipline and teamwork that will for always.

Football is our most important sport, yet a pattern for all American sport. We strongly recommend that the spirit of amateurism be held before every high school and college boy as a worthy goal. Our definition of an amateur is a man who seeks no reward other than the opportunity to express his own resources. He risks for no other honor than to develop his capacities to the full and then to test these capacities against the best. In the final analysis, in our competitive movement, brains may be rudderless without a competitive heart.

Your concern, and Herman Hiltmann's, with college football is one for which many will be most appreciative. It increases the

structure and position of importance of Sports Illustrated and its usefulness to the nation.

C. J. LILLO
Chairman, Nat'l. Football
Foundation and Hall of Fame
New Brunswick, N. J.

REPLY:

ON BEHALF OF MY STAFF AND MYSELF, I WANT TO THANK SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR THE TWO OUTSTANDING ARTICLES BY HERMAN HILTSMANN ON PROBLEMS IN INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS. I AM SURE THAT BOTH ARTICLES WERE READ WITH CONSIDERABLE INTEREST AND THOUGHT BY THE MAJORITY OF OUR READER MEMBERSHIP. ATHLETIC LEADERS AND COACHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY I BELIEVE ALSO TAKE GREAT INTEREST IN WHAT THE GENERAL PUBLIC OPINION OF THE SERIOUS PROBLEMS WE MUST CONFRONT WITH IN INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL. CONGRATULATIONS TO YOUR STAFF FOR PROVIDING THE CONSTRUCTIVE REVELATIONS OF OUR NATIONAL SPORTS POLICY.

FRANK DODGE
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR AND HEAD
FOOTBALL COACH, GEORGIA TECH
ATLANTA

SIN:

As one who has done considerable recruiting of athletes, I find your College Football issue factual reading. Between the pressure on coaches to win and the importance of college academics, football is in a mess.

Here in the Southwestern Conference, we have the trouble stated among our own colleges. The rules are crazy, and usually observed, though Texas A & M is presently on probation for violations. It has been found more feasible to give an athletic scholarship openly than to subsidize athletes, usually paid or secretly. Our conference specifies exactly what may be offered athletes, and it applies to all alike.

In response to what is what to do about colleges on the outside like Oklahoma, it, a third-rate college with a first-rate football team. They're not on Notre Dame when they meet. This year Oklahoma has handed Texas from Amarillo to Tyler. 481 miles. Oklahoma is now on a two-year probation by the NCAA for violations. There are Big Six Conference rules to go.

Any lasting cure for football recruiting will have to be national in scope, preferably through the NCAA. Letters of intent signed by athletes with a college in one conference should be honored by colleges of all conferences.

Just one point remains to save the game should bring constructive thought, but two of your points are impractical. Point 2 requiring an athlete to show economic need before receiving an athletic scholarship would require a sworn CPA report on a family's finances to be effective and then an appeal by a board of experts to determine the percentage of aid to be offered. Such percentage would have to be

observed by all the colleges in the nation.

Point 7 would require athletes with scholarships to make good progress in their studies. Did it not occur to you that study requirements vary markedly with colleges? A failing student in one college changes to another and does fairly well, with no extra effort. I have known this to occur often. If your idea were adopted, the very colleges would acquire all the good, dumb football players. And there is a heap of 'em.

Dallas, Texas

SIN:

Congratulations on your sharp, clean, two-part analysis of college football.

The very heart of this problem is clearly indicated in your "Nine Points for Survival"—for Points 3 and 7 (of major importance) are simply and irreversibly in conflict. You insist that the goal of the college athlete be identical with that of other college students, i.e., academic and intellectual attainment, leading to a degree (Point 7).

Such attainment is not the automatic privilege of all; it must be bought with the student's desire, work and money. If he seeks higher education, he must assume the responsibility of his cost through 1) earned earnings, 2) family aid, 3) scholarships awarded on the basis of intellectual attainment, 4) part-time work during the school year and 5) loans to be repaid after graduation. This is the normal way, & as you have stated, intellectual achievement is the normal and important college goal.

But then it is certainly not normal (Point 3) that, because of an incidental ability (athletics), a student should be relieved of "his normal college expenses such as board, room, tuition and fees, books, laundry and dry cleaning." This would be tolerated only if the football player were regarded in the same light and given the same publicity and honor as the student working in the college cafeteria or library (and if the latter needed the same benefits).

Well and unless this basic problem in higher education is confronted squarely, there can be no solution to the problem of college football and all athletics.

ROBERT J. SUMNER
Pastor, St. Peter's Lutheran Church
Plyer, Neb.

SIN:

The last issue of Football Illustrated by Grantland Rice is a good answer to Ash Bushnell, the Ivy League and other trustees, parents:

Perhaps I'm overreacting.
In the headline's stirring plea,
Perhaps I'm overreacting.
Then a mere game ought to be;
But with all the sins they speak of,
And the list is quite a span,
I'm the real college spirit,
And the maker of a man.

RICHARD A. KRYEMAN
State College, Pa.

(continued on next page)

did you see the Acrilan advertisement inside the front cover of this magazine?

LOOK FOR 100% ACRILAN® JERSEY SPORT SHIRTS BY COOPERS EVERYWHERE

Alhena, Texas..... Ernest Grissom
Albany, N. Y..... Whitsey's
Amarillo, Texas..... Blackburn Bros.
Asbury Park, N. J..... Steinhach Co.
Baltimore, Md..... Hochschild Kohn
Binghamton, N. Y..... Fowler, Dick & Walker
Binger, Texas..... The Hub
Brookton, Mass..... Euse Baker
Dallas, Texas..... The Yarnery Shop
Erid, Oila..... Gray's Men's Wear
Evansville, Ind..... Sater's
Glendale, Calif..... Webb's Dept. Store
Harver, N. H..... Dartmouth Co-op
Lawer, Oa..... The Townes Men's Store
Langview, Texas..... Lanier Clothes
Lubbock, Texas..... Lathan's Dept. Store
Mankiew, Wis..... Hoyer's
Milwaukee, Wis..... Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minn..... Dayton's
Minn., N. D..... Jay's Men's Shop
Myrtle Beach, S. C..... The Chapin Co.
Newark, N. J..... Krugers-Newark
North Hollywood, Calif..... Rothman's
Ocala, Fla..... J. L. Edwards
Pampa, Texas..... Friendly Men's Wear
Pawtucket, R. I..... David Harley Co.
Providence, R. I..... Shepard Co.
San Diego, Calif..... Walker-Scott
San Diego, Calif..... Jordan Marsh
Washington, D. C..... Woodward & Lothrop

Also available in other fine stores throughout the country.

LEFT: Charcoal stripe on light gray (shown), navy on light blue, cognac on tan, light blue on brown, yellow on charcoal, charcoal on red. Sizes: S, M, L, at about \$9.95.

RIGHT: Winter white, blue, sand, maize, copper, light gray, red, (shown), green, charcoal, navy. Sizes: S, M, L, XL, at about \$4.95. Short-sleeved (not shown), same colors and sizes, about \$3.

FABRIC: 100% Acrilan jersey—solid color by Allin.

*Sleeve color by Glenswood.

Coopers®
INCORPORATED
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN



continued from page 63

A GLORIOUS ANSWER

Sirs: As a regular reader and subscriber to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and member of the A.S.L. (Amateur Bicycle League of America), I am writing to congratulate both William McHale and John Sadovy for their splendid coverage of the Tour de France in the Aug. 18 issue. Mr. McHale has used much more background material than I have been able to collect for years on this Gallic sports clamor. Moreover, he has captured the spirit that permeates such an annual event. This is indeed a glorious answer to the letter I wrote one year ago requesting such a feature article. . . .

Mrs. EARL BECHER

ABerwyn, Pa.

PLEDGE OF PURITY

Sirs: If any eligible American participant signs Avery Brundage's "future purity" pledge (E & D, Aug. 13), there are many people who have contributed to make their Olympic trips possible who will be surely disappointed. I personally would rather see the U.S. go unrepresented in the Olympic Games than see our American youth bow to the callous-collared ideas of a man who seeks to dictate what course they can follow in their future lives.

The day when sport belonged only to the "hoo-paries" set has long since departed. It is a shame that all who have contributed to the Olympic Fund have no recourse for a refund of their contributions so that Avery could feel the bill as well as an impose his peculiar ideas of what constitutes an amateur on the world.

I sincerely hope that there are enough moral guts in our athletes to refuse to bow to this outrageous invasion of their personal lives, and somehow I feel there will be.

PAUL QUILLIN

Okemogon, Okla.

AMATEUR INTENT

Sirs: This is surely the last straw if People have generally been fed up with Avery Brundage and his shuffling, bumbling efforts for a long time. But if the country needed further evidence of his incompetence, his latest "amateur intent" code decree should provide that documentation.

There is certainly nothing objectionable about being a professional athlete at the proper time if you are good enough and if you so desire. In fact, it is something that is identified with and makes a great contribution to the American way of life. Mr. Brundage notwithstanding.

Yes, Mr. Brundage, we thank you for your good intentions and past services, but please, for the good of the country, find other outlets for your misdirected energies.

J. NELSON KUCO

San Francisco

BLAST FROM THE MAJORS

Sirs: The article by Gil Stratton on inspiring OSL, Aug. 6 did nothing to enhance our profession.

I do not believe articles such as this one can help our business. As far as I am concerned, the article would lead the public to believe that the umpire actually cheats on the plays mentioned by Gil Stratton.

Secondly, in my opinion, this man is not qualified to make the comments he does, since I would say he is only a "part-time" umpire.



"What do you mean—you don't know how to steal bases?"

It would seem to me that a magazine with national coverage such as yours enjoys wide contact with some major league umpire to obtain an experienced version of just what transpires on the field.

FRANK SACRET
National League Umpire
Port Haven, Mich.

ONLY HUMAN

Sir:
Congratulations on your fine article, for it emphasizes the fact that umpires are only human, and even though they make mistakes they do what they think is right.
Jim Anderson
Jackson, Mich.

AN HONORABLE PROFESSION

Sir:
I read your magazine each week and I think quite a bit of it, but this article makes me unhappy.

Take a look at the caption above the picture on page 27. It says "BAD YEAR FOR THE UMPIRES." This article doesn't help the umpire a bit, either.

I fault Umpire Stratton for the story, too. I am only 23, but I have been in this racket as a umpire and professional for six years. Maybe I'm not qualified to be at odds with a man who has been in the profession for many more years than I, but why should I jeopardize what peace the umpire has by saying the official intentionally blows plays. Maybe the players in the Pacific Coast League won't jump on him, but players in semipro ball and the lower minors around the country spend half their time looking for some excuse to land right square in the middle of the umpire.

I disagree, too, with the classification of ballplayers set forth by Mr. Stratton. He left out the largest and most disagreeable group—the sblid men. The guy who takes a pitch right down the gut and turns around and tells you that you are blind for out-muscles the chronic beater, the cold calculator or the fellow who is actually mad. He's the kind who will latch on to an article like this and tear into you the next time he doesn't pull the trigger on a gut ball or fails to slide into a bag.

I disagree with Umpire Stratton on a number of other items, too. The day that a man who clothes a home run stops running around the bases will be the day baseball dies in this country. The triumphal jog around the bases is as much a part of the game as the home run itself. The game is halted for only 15 seconds. If this is too much time, then there isn't time to play the game, anyway.

If Mr. Stratton is so disgruntled with the wages paid in pro ball why doesn't he go back to television and forget the game of baseball exists? I hope that someday I will hit the big time. When I do I feel sure that I will survive on a meager \$18,000 a year, considering the league pays all my expenses.

Umpiring is an honorable profession. It is a profession made up of 100% honest men. But if the low standards and abuse continue unchecked, something will have to give. When the umpire fails to measure up, then baseball as a game will fail to meet the high standards of the past. Thus I say to you—protect your officials, don't browbeat them.

BILL CLARK

Kearney, Neb.

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES call for STRONGER Yet SAFER ANACIN

Won't Upset The Stomach
Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Synthetic aspirin has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today!

is your sport
Bowling?



Enjoy it more in shoes by
HYDE

Hyde makes a lot of more 12 pairs of quality athletic shoes produced in America. Learn the reason for some of the most Hyde marketed units.
HYDE ATHLETIC SHOE CO., CAMBRIDGE 41, MASS.

Speedy, Sure Treatment for Athlete's Foot!

OCTOFEN®

Rapid clinical clearing of extremely stubborn cases proves OCTOFEN most reliable and quick. Under laboratory conditions, kills the fungi on 2 minutes contact. Yet non-caustic or irritating (except in unusual cases of allergic reaction). Be safe, get the best—the preparation that specialists endorse! OCTOFEN, at your drugstore: 4 fluid-oz., \$3. Not cheap, but well worth the relief and protection you get!



LIQUID OCTOFEN
CLEARS IT UP!

IN POWDERED FORM
PREVENTS IT!

THE ONLY FOOT FUNGICIDE TO EARN THIS ENDORSEMENT



For professional foot care, consult your chiropodist or podiatrist.
a Product of
McKESSON & ROBBINS

SAXON



Lockwood Pants Mfg. Co.

FOR THE FINEST STYLES AND BEST VALUES IN MEN'S SLACKS SEE YOUR SAXON DEALER!
Write him 921-S. Scoville, Pa. for your FREE copy of "THE HOUR GLASS"

LOCKWOOD, INC. AND 1961
MADE IN U.S.A.

**SUBSCRIBE...
...RENEW
GIVE A GIFT...**



Pass along to a friend your enthusiasm for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, America's outstanding new magazine that's fun for the whole family to read. Use the reader-service coupon below to order 12 wonderful weeks of \$1.50 a copy, 12 for you and 12 to renew your present subscription, 193 in the proper spaces below and mail today.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 401 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, IL.
Please send 12 weekly issues of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for \$7.00 at the same address.
☐ Send it now ☐ Start it on the end of my current subscription
☐ The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for \$7.00 at this address:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(This rate good only for subscriptions sent to continental U.S. and Canada.)

S-1488

PAT ON THE BACK



Foto Fuchs

U.S. BRIDGE TEAM

The contract bridge team that will represent the U.S. against the Italians (this year's European champions) at the world title matches to be held next January consists of (left to right) William Seamon, Peter Lev-entritt, Boris Kaytchou, Mrs. Helen Sobel, Charles Goren and Harold Ogust. Each year this honor is

accorded the team that wins the American Contract Bridge League's Master Team-of-Four Championship, most important U.S. bridge title. When this year's 88-team tournament recently ended in a three-way tie, a playoff was held among the Goren, Roth-Stone and Dr. Kalman Apfel teams, with the Gorens winning.



Catalina's famous Belgians is a handsome deep glaucated pullover, 100% imported lambswool, Mile-needleknit. Sizes S/M/L/XL \$11.95



The news is in the neckline—new cut for big league smartness. Blended Alpaca and imported wool. Sizes S/M/L/XL \$15.95



For showmanship—the accordion-striped pullover, 100% virgin wool. Delivers resilience with shape retention. Sizes 36/46 \$17.95



Sportmen call the cardigan shirt. It's soft, casual, comfortable! In lambswool with nylon for strength. Sizes S/M/L/XL \$13.95



For the ski run and all other action-packed moments, Catalina's Deep-V-contrast yoke pullover, with roll collar. Sizes S/M/L \$14.95



The aristocrat of sweaters—Catalina's 100 imported Alpaca Merino with the body in action. New bell sleeves. Sizes 36/46 \$27.95

the sporting
look in sweaters

Catalina



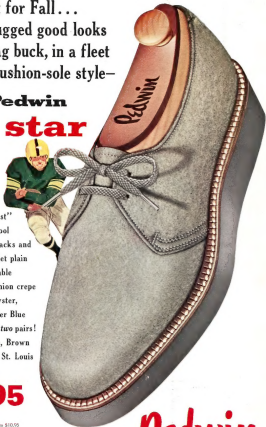
This is it for Fall...
the rugged good looks
of shag buck, in a fleet
new cushion-sole style—

the Pedwin
all star

As much a "must"
for back-to-school
wardrobes as slacks and
sweaters! 2-eyelet plain
toe, in comfortable
raglan cut. Cushion crepe
wedge soles. Oyster,
Wheat or Powder Blue
shag buck. Get two pairs!
Pedwin Division, Brown
Shoe Company, St. Louis

10⁹⁵

Other styles \$8.95 to \$10.95
Higher Dressed Shoes



Pedwin
YOUNG IDEAS IN SHOES